

GREAT NEW SERIAL by Professor **A.M. LOW**

SCOOPS

*The STORY
PAPER OF
TO-MORROW*

2D



S.P.

Great New

WONDERS of the WORLD

The TERMINUS of TO-MORROW

AGGREGATE tonnages for caravans, railway trains, aero liners and motor-cars will be a new measure suggested by this vivid impression by our staff artist.

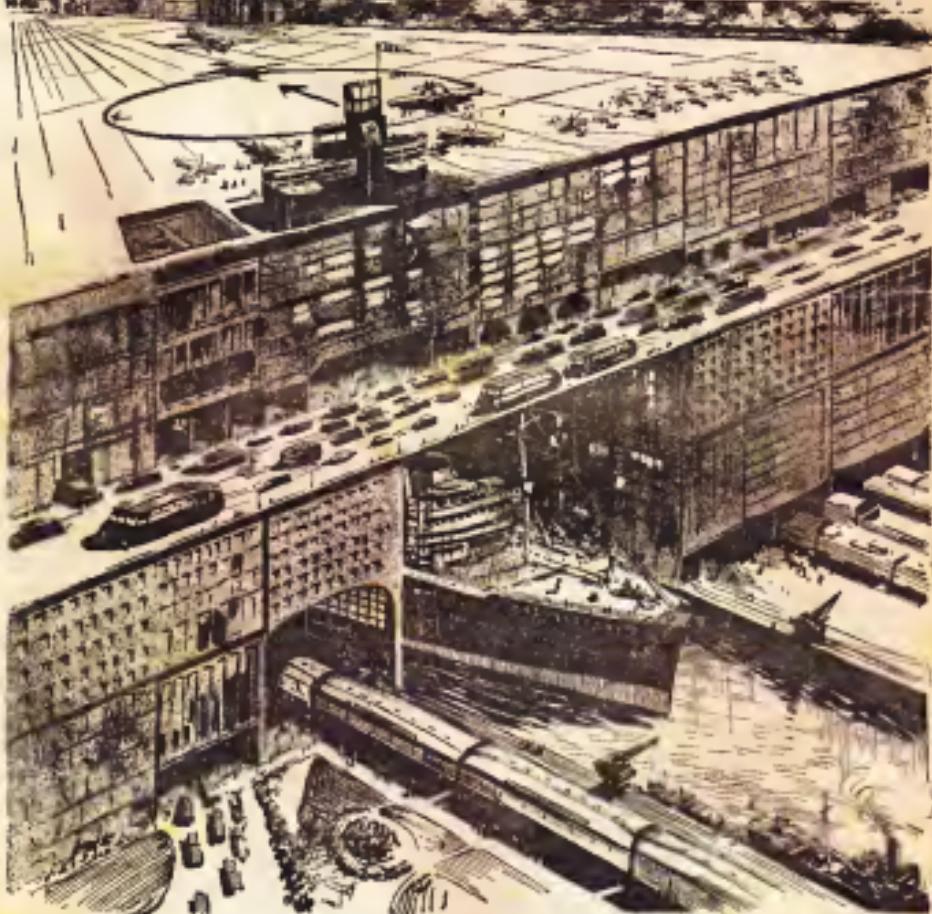
The advantage of such a terminus will be in the saving of time and money in transporting travellers and cargoes from place to place. Passengers arriving by air would board omnibuses bound for railway trains immediately. Coaches could bring travellers right into the terminus and take returning passengers not again. Goods and mails arriving by ship could be transferred to trains, liners or air liners without any waste of time.

Our artist has visualized a station something like

a gigantic table striding the Thames. The largest boats and express trains would travel underneath, and the top would consist of a large landing platform for aircraft.

Above the platform a dispensing tower would stand with radio houses for guiding air pilots, and a lift in the flying platform would carry 'planes down to the air station proper. Airships would wait on the terrace.

An elevated highway would facilitate the arrival and departure of lorries, coaches and cars, and in the giant building itself would be housed the offices of the various shipping, air and railway companies, hotels, restaurants, post departments, banks and shops.



REBELS of the PENAL PLANET

A World-famous Scientist, exiled to the Penal Planet, captures transport Space Ships and Challenges the Earth

★ BATTLE OF THE SPACE SHIPS

In the control cabin of his great space ship, hovering in the high sky over the penal-like space station, awaiting the Professor Anti Revolts, arrived into the cabin of his audience.

A man raised the thin, crooked line of his lips to be watched and listened to a degree addressing the Council of Councils. He sat back in a swivel, turned a disk, and spoke into the small microphone which he drew from his coat.

A man emerged in the control tower of the Hall of Councils.

The Lord President of Councils, the Professor Anti Revolts, gave a short series of the most important orders to the Hall of Councils in a space ship under his command and control by remote control from the planet Uranus.

I demand that the Council of Councils abdicates immediately and makes for the Hall of Councils, which is now under the control of Councils.

Failure to obey will result in my space ship completely destroying the twenty-seven ships. I can assure that the Councils are in session at the Hall of Councils. I shall listen to the discussion following this situation, which occurs at least as least.

The Professor sat out the discussion, pulled out the microphone and stared space ships into the series of his audience. Within five minutes he saw and heard the great message in the Hall of Councils.

They flew from all countries and all inhabited planets in the Universe in which as Lord President Pilkington read out the message he had just received from the control tower.

They perambulated back home. The audience was a terrible one. All the depths knew Professor Anti Revolts. He was one of the Council's greatest scientists, and had been sent to the great planet Uranus for guidance of his talents.

They had been many years ago and during that time the council population of Uranus was greatly increased. Just lately there was a breakdown in communication. Pilkington, the last survivor was a message from post space ship taking control.

That audience had fallen, and it was the Earth, centre of Councils, that had won a breakdown of radio equipment.

Before the truth was granted, Revolts had seized the space ships and was now ready to make his terrible demand.

The Lord President checked the space



Pilkington finishing death, the Inter-Planetary airmen held back the rebels who came streaming towards them.

"The rule of unusual law and order is in the balance," he said. "As the elected representatives of Councils it is our duty to control Revolts, even at the cost of many cities. That is my opinion. It is for you to decide. Dr. Gaskins, come evidently by a show of hands at least."

Hundreds of hands went up, and Pilkington was in no doubt about the verdict. He pressed a button on the desk in front of him and spoke into a microphone. "Send word to the control tower to give information for the Inter-Planetary Defense Force to go up and join issue with the rebels."

PROFESSOR
A. M. LOW'S
Great New Serial "SPACE"
begins on centre pages 48 and 49

From his space ship Revolts spoke again. "To the Lord President, from Professor Anti Revolts, greeting. I accept the challenge."

He stopped and, meeting as he did so, turned between Edinburgh and York, struck by disintegrating rays from the space ships above them, twisted into space. Audience in the Hall of Councils showed the instant notice to the horrified deputies.

Joint Governor, Captain of the Planetary Defense ship A.U.C., twenty miles above the

Earth, spoke to his third assistant, Clark Moran.

"They've all disappeared, Clark," the Captain said. "As soon as motion cities were up, the space ships seemed to melt into the darkness. —"

He stopped abruptly as his eye caught the wild predictions of the minds of his electronic brain.

"There's something hurtling down at us!" he yelled. "All out to piston!" The half dozen members of the A.U.C.'s crew each snatched a button so that a light glowed on the wristbands in the control cabin and told the Captain that he was safe inside.

One man threw out the magnetic protective field, an invisible curtain that would ward off the heat and disintegrating rays with which Revolts's ships were equipped.

The was done only just in time, though had that Gaskins saw an enormous field of oscillating light and knew that the protective field had dropped but now which a few seconds earlier would have brought disaster.

"What are we going to do, out?" Clark asked.

"We beat 'em!" "raged Gaskins, as he pointed in a swerve on the audience across Clark's desk. "That's use of the escape ships." It's hurtling down at us, but we'll slip from under it and then go up and drop right down on it! Well board the ship—if we're lucky. If not, we'll just cut off the protective field and let her burn all we've got."

Prisoners in the Terror Ship from Uranus

We'd have to take the risk of being smashed!"

"Right!" Jerry nodded again, almost smugly, though he knew that death was very near.

Jerry watched the damage in the upper gun larger and larger as the space ship sped on—and then, suddenly, A.C.E. seemed to be taken by a giant hand which swung her to one side. The many hundred parts, as tumultuous as they had looked like a huge geyser erupting on its side.

A.C.E. immediately answered to Jerry's control and shot up into space. Then her streamlined nose went down, and she was hurtling after the space ship.

A.C.E. was but a midship compared with the other, and when she landed on the curved top of the space ship, her weight was scarcely more than that of a fly on a man's hand.

Panels slid back in the floor of the little ship and the unbreakable windows allowed the tremendous glow of a short-wave search-light to throw into relief the enemy's hull.

Down from another panel Clary Morton sent a funeral-like anchor which clanged dully to the enemy's deck.

They worked over a lever as he heard Clary shout that the magnetic field was off, and from a nozzle over the top of the funnel something hissed.

Immediately there came the weird smell of molten metal, and through the floor there was a great hiss again in the space ship.

There came a terrific explosion, and Jerry's magnetic field was being set again on the little ship was not hurtling up into space.

"Hold her right over for disintegrator!" gasped Jerry, wrestling with his controls to keep his ship on an even keel.

"And it's ruined our last ray receiver, sir," came from Clary Morton. "Gone! Lost at last!" he screamed.

No need to tell Jerry to look. He already saw the space ship, like a glowing mass of metal, falling through space. She burst into a weird incandescence which was so brilliant that it shone the Earth beneath.

It also showed Jerry Grahame something else—two more space ships, called by the other just before disaster came. They were hurtling from different directions toward A.C.E., which had now ceased to rise and was moving under her own atomic power.

Suddenly, one of them stopped and the other ran at A.C.E. was between them.

The upper one began to fall and the lower one to rise at an amazing speed, and although Jerry tried to shoot from between them they followed him in perfect synchronization.

They intended to crush the small ship between them! The dimmed light about A.C.E. told of heat rays leveling on the protective coating, but they were suddenly switched off as the two machines came directly opposite each other.

Jerry sensed the commanders were afraid of destroying each other's ship, and he was quick to seize the chance.

He cut out his magnetic field and reached a button which gave an order to the atomic gunner.

A portion over slid away in the bottom of the machine and a tiny missile was triggered. There was a strange hissing, and the lower space ship stopped dead as if struck by an unbreakable shell. She yawed, rolled, and a gap in her side poured out light and smoke.

Jerry noted his machine swooping forward now, and the upper space ship dropped closer as any of its companion, its heat rays, turned on in a frantic attempt to get the A.C.E. to complete the damage which Jerry had started.

From beneath the two ships A.C.E. prepared to go back into action.

Protected by the lined machine, Jerry reckoned he had a chance to switch off his protective field. He did so, and now many atomic gun barrels, and another hole appeared in the vessel.

Swooping right through the machine, the atomic power reported on the other vessel

as it drew near. That, too, was lined, and Jerry used the pocket-like A.C.E. about to take and secured up, raising everything to a suspenseful fire victory.

He paused now, just the atomic gun

bursting violently, tearing great holes in both the space ships and finally sending them down in catastrophic form.

★ CAPTURED BY THE REBEL SHIP

HIGH over London Professor Rovakil kept in touch with the progress of the fighting.

Over thirty cities had been destroyed, and as many of the Inter-Planetary fighting ships had been accounted for, so far only nine of the rebel machines were snatched—the three driven down by A.C.E.

Britain was at a ferment; the people at the Universe were going with excitement at their audiences, though these audience would soon of the tremendous events.

The Council of Universe had ordered every inter-planetary machine to concentrate on Britain, and that was the hot message and out before Rovakil's disintegrator dissolved the Central Power. The Universe was blinded, shocked, as far as being in contact with the central organization was concerned.

But Rovakil's machines could concentrate, and so, too, could those of his enemy in the air.

From Rovakil's ship a code message sped.

Each machine will endeavor to take a grip on an Inter-Planetary fighting ship, man it, and come with the object of coming to grips with the enemy, who will not suspect charge of treachery. The prior crews will undoubtedly suffer death in the end, but Universe asks for the merciful, and Unova will not be withheld. Dispositions of tanks to come pending further orders.

Cruising in the depths of space, A.C.E. her crew flushed with victory, was one of the first ships marked down for capture. Rovakil, himself, having over the Universe, weighed by Grahame's words, decided to go after it.

With his own protective field surrounding his power-protected ship, the rebel chief followed the movements of A.C.E. on the space map that was operated by Rutherford from the dynamics which gave the various vessels their motive power.

There was no method of preventing these discharges being picked up by the sensitive instruments installed on the space ships, and Rovakil saw the oscillating line that represented the A.C.E.'s course.

"Concentrate on that ship," he told his commander. "We must take her at all costs, because she is obviously a crack ship. We will get her by the magnetic arm."

"Very good, sir," the commander answered, and lights flashed madly through the ship.

Jerry Grahame, watching his 'visor, suddenly saw the strange he knew was a space ship swooping at tremendous speed above him.

When she was right over the A.C.E. the ship dropped sheer, taking a good deal by travelling at such a rate while in next to the Earth.

A matter of seconds and she would crash—last instant of that she came to within a hundred yards of A.C.E., which had been unable to dodge her.

Shearing off dimmed light did not tempt Jerry to break his protective field this time. He meant to rely on his speed to clear away and soon for the advantage of attack.

But he found his speed useless. The A.C.E. was no longer obeying his controller, but was being driven upwards!

"Using the magnetic arm, Clary!" he yelled at Morton. "They seem to get on instead of crashing on!"

"May I suggest we take a chance, sir, and break the 'old'?" Morton asked.

That was a weakness with all these fighters in space. The very thing that protected them from their enemy's rays also prevented them from using their own ray gun. Always it was a matter of risking things, and the commanding who out thought his enemy was generally the winner.

Jerry Rovakil looked in the 'visor then about his hand.

"Don't do it, Clary," he said. "We're dead over London, and if we downed that space ship she'd let the city in rays! All hands!" he called, and when the men were ready he told them what was going to happen. "Every man will do lighting," he said, grimly. "Heat gun at the order!"

"Ay, ay, sir," the men answered.

Rovakil had the words been spoken than Rovakil's magnetic arm, a great, magnetized ring of light, magnetized steel, had clutched the A.C.E., and the telescope arm of it was drawing her up to the space ship.

Up she went, bathed in light from Rovakil's ship, and then, suddenly, she was drawn into the uttermost space between the double shell.

If they had not been over London Jerry would have thrust out his gun and taken the space ship down with him.

As it was, he had to submit, and by valiant surrender or after the swift hand-to-hand fighting he expected, but because Rovakil, crafty, and clever, had a hot drill brought to bear on the shell of the A.C.E.

Take the hole made within a second, a pup was passed, and, under high pressure, superheated gas was introduced. Instantly the crew of the A.C.E. went down, and Jerry Rutherford was round to find himself sitting in one of the passenger-cum-command seats of Rovakil's space ship.

Armed is or was his crew, most of them still under the influence of the gas. Clary Morton came to within a few inches, his thickly coated tongue lolling past his lips.

Where Rovakil saw that Captain Grahame was awake he came out of the control.

"The 'old' something is in the ship," Rovakil snarled at Grahame. "We cannot get her dynamics to start."

"Well, what about it?" Jerry asked, easily. "This is a war, isn't it? And may I ask who you are?"

When the Professor told him, Jerry's face paled for a moment. To have fallen into the hands of the rebel chief himself was no light matter.

"You said it is a war," Rovakil snarled, "And by that I gather you mean that anything is fair? Very well! While on Earth I invented something that can do anything of the kind produced elsewhere!" He jerked his arm down from his chair there came a small tear-like explosion.

"Are you going to put that dynamic right or not?"

"No's the answer," Jerry told him, grimly; and then he screamed.

A slight movement of Rovakil's fingers had been followed by the most devastating pain Jerry Grahame had ever felt or thought it possible to feel.

Whatever it was Rovakil was using, it had taken hold of every nerve in Jerry's body and it seemed as if it were tearing them to pieces.

"It will not kill you," he heard Rovakil saying. "This will give you enough time to get away—if I want it to."

Suddenly, the terror stopped and Jerry screamed in the seat, convulsing.

"What now?" Rovakil purred, and moved his fingers again. But Jerry thrust out his hands as if to ward off the vile thing.

The rebel chief laughed harshly.

"You hands!" came from Clary Morton, who did not understand just what had happened.

Rovakil merely shifted his hand slightly—and Clary snarled as his Captain had done. Rovakil cut off the nerve agitator, and Clary was left a quivering heap.

Aerial Dog-Fight in Space

But Jerry got the Transistor, and the few hours he went tearing away round the corner of the corridor before Jerry could stop them.

"The superlatives builds for an hour?" Jerry yelled. "So all I put to sleep will be of no account for that long. Meanwhile, Morton should be slain!"

The ray gun dropped from his grasp as he writhed in a laugh of agitated nerves. Then the man in that heat outside, not struck down by the ray gun but knocked down by someone behind him, had managed to bring a nerve agitator into action!

One of Jerry's men crept down to the floor, shouldered along, and swooped up the ray gun he went.

That ray gun was the only weapon the man in the control room had.

The man squirmed over and faced the door; should he not bring the car to bear on the fellow outside. He crept along the floor as the man outside seemed aware of his movements.

Then the Transistor's voice roared—the ray gun had found him.

The fact that he had shouted suggested that there were others available to attack.

Jerry knew the importance of the control room being kept safe, and argued in the man with the gun when the nerve agitator's influence ended, to get into the corridor.

Without a word the man obeyed, and Jerry sent the other surviving member of his crew after him to retrieve as many of the weapons as possible from the heap of men outside.

"What do we do now?" came from Chapman as the control board. The man spoke calmly, as if this were all a very natural business.

"Get me close up to one of the other space ships," Jerry ordered. "There are our primitive 'cannons' in one point of our own fellow attack us."

"Half a dozen are driving in all round us," said Chapman. "If I manage to get in plain English the enemy will get the message. I don't know the code sir!"

"And I haven't got the book!" snapped Jerry. "But I'll try and remember enough!" His spring to the auditorium appeared and hasty snatched down a few words of the code.

They were enough to make an understandable message, which he radioed out into space. He gave the obvious signature number of A.C. 2, which could not be known to any of the Transistorians, and he was glad that he had thought to destroy the A.C. 2 code book as soon as Berwick's magnetic claw took the ship in his embrace.

Promised an answer came back in code, and Jerry knew he was safe from the ships about him.

On the grand screen he now imagined he knew were other space ships. Some were surrounded by swarms of the Inter-Planetary Force; others were hovering in space as if ready for instructions to begin their devotions back over England.

He dived of the screens that came from the exterior, where he two men were fighting off an attack. By some of the conscious members of the space ship, Jerry turned to the Humanoid code book.

It was hand-written. Evidently Berwick, whom Jerry had taken the provision of tying up, had written it out himself, and so didn't touch the space ship's had a copy.

Scanning through it hurriedly, Jerry picked out the words he would be needed to compile a message, and when he had it chose he radioed it to the space ships.

Heading to North Sea, Pimpone carrying the war over to Paris and Germany. Headquarters at Saguenay N.C.M. All captured planes to accompany—Berwick.

Who's the other, may I ask, sir?" Chapman ventured, and Jerry lied him.

We're going to try to smash up every one of those ships," he said; "but we wouldn't do it over land. These minutes and we shall be at the rendezvous. Full speed ahead, Chapman, and may Heaven help us!"

At that instant Clay Morton came through the front door. His left hand was a scorpion and without him, and his face was drawn with agony.

"A rayed gun goes with a heat gun," he said. "But we've been all over the ship, sir, and, thanks to taking them by surprise, the men who aren't under the gun are—out!"

"Good gods," said Jerry, and he told Clay that he understood him.

"Hold hard a minute," he broke off, as someone began coming in from the space ships and the captured planes. He looked off the region, then grinned to Clay.

"There are only twelve of the space ships left," he said. "The rest have been destroyed. They're taken no fewer than thirty planes. We're going to have the chance of a time from now on, Morton. The war will come when we've got the first batch of the rebels. Then the rest will simply snare at us. But I'm making a suggestion to the Inter-Planetary Force so that they know what's happening."

"Hatchet, sir!" came from Chapman; and looking in the room Jerry saw the space machines and their attendant prisms. Below them the room roiled, above the stars gleamed.

"Hold straight for the sun," Jerry told Chapman. "For informed the Inter-Planetary service that this is Berwick's ship, and they can recognize by the constant radio calls we'll go along. They're not following, as you see? I ordered them out to, because I want to get the space ships separated!"

The Captain, then gave swift orders to Jerry and the five members of his crew still alive. He left Chapman at the controls with general orders to stay amongst the sunbeams, whilst he himself went to one of the atomic gun stations. The others did the same—two men on each side, two at the bottom, two at the top.

Acting on orders, Chapman broadcast a message Jerry had written down for him to the Transistor code:

All protective curtains down for sake of clarity of orders.

Then the humanoids began. From every quarter of the captured space ship the atomic guns sent their invisible, silent fire.

Six of the humanoids became disengaged immediately.

A slight shifting of the pens, and several of the small 'phones went down on signals of flame.

Chapman spun the space ship round and got her amongst others, and once again the atomic pens sent messages tearing down through space like flashing meteors.

Only three this time, for the three other humanoids had been too quick for Jerry. They had realized that something was amiss, and had fled out their protective curtains.

Mostly guns now took up the work on Jerry's ship, and then different light odd bell at about the curtains. One of the falling humanoids crashed down on top of one of the untouched ship and took it down with it crashing into the sea.

"Those others are going up—and they're making for Berwick again—their 'phones with them!" Chapman's voice sounded through the telephone in Jerry's big gun.

Back through the 'phones Jerry sent an order, which Chapman relayed to the Inter-Planetary Force. They were to charge the 'phones that had been captured, and risk all consequences.

Never a word of denial of his authority came back from the Force; every commander realized that this Captain Chapman, who by some miracle had secured Berwick and his ship, must be obeyed.

As the captured 'phones hurtled through the air, surrounding the two humanoids, they were met by the avengers. Life and death battles were fought, but the Force had the better of them.

Chapman kept the space ship hurtling in the wake of the fugitive machines, and Jerry suddenly burst an order to the gunners to shoot all the heat-guns. It was an attempt to knock the transistors. But it failed, for when Jerry cut off his control and tried the heat-guns again he found that the space ship still had their curtains out.

It was at this point that Chapman's voice sounded annually as the 'phones heard Jerry.

"Can you come here, sir?" Chapman was asking. "Something I don't know about, on this interplanetary!"

Jerry raced into the control cabin.

"I pulled that switch down, sir," Chapman said, "and for the second it was down that diffused light went off. But you notice that, sir?"

Jerry noticed. It had been something he did not understand, and had caused him to give his orders for the curtain to be lifted. Chapman told him he had pulled the switch up, sir, for fear of bringing trouble. Jerry made him pull it down again, and when he did, as the diffused light disappeared,

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Jerry. "I can guess what it is. Berwick's discovered how to de-polarize that tremendous magnetic power!" The other ships can't have the device on—probably hadn't time to get into ready, and wouldn't pull, and he wouldn't use it again as alone. Meant to use it, no doubt, when he was attacked in force! Keep that switch down, Chapman!"

Jerry phoned to his men at the guns; then he sped in his own station.

When Chapman, opening out the space ship to full speed, hurtled in between the two fugitive humanoids, the guns were also silent action. Instantly, and almost unbelievably, the two space ships grew transparent. Glass on each side were trained on the ships, and the fury of their force wrought horrors.

The ships exploded into a myriad pieces of white-hot metal which hurtled into the air and then began to drop down.

The debris settled on the bell of the space ship, long into the more frail bodies of the 'phones, captured prisms as well as operators, and took them down. Banging.

Almost staggered at what had happened, Jerry tore into the control room and watched his mastery for sole world.

He made up the message he wanted and Chapman sent it.

All Inter-Planetary Force machines to de-polarize the energy and move west.

Jerry waited to get them away, so that he would know which of the machines were poised to the Transistor.

When he did know, he sent the space ship hurtling after them, in amongst them, the de-polarizing device in operation, and the guns sending their messages.

As Jerry saw the last machine go down like a flaming leaf, he went into the control cabin. Chapman had called him, for Berwick was comatose.

The master robot's eyes were fixed on the switch that controlled the de-polarizing device.

"Yes, we turned to that, Berwick!" Jerry told him grimly. "And it worked! It helped us to flake off your whole gang. In a way, you've done a service to the Universe, for you've given us a war-aggressor and the device." The latter had the tone of every avenger for the last few hundred years!

Berwick shrugged his shoulders. He, baring his glassed eyes at Jerry and Clay Morton, who had just entered the room.

"You win," the robot said slowly, "but it was only by accident. I made my share and lost. I predicted that, since on the way from Uranus only the day before we served over England. No time to get it stored into the other ships—so we should have won. But I'll never go back to Uranus."

"I fancy you would," Jerry said, sternly. "The Council will know what to do with you!"

Here's a SCOOP

A Weekly Review Mainly About Ourselves and of the Wonders of To-day and To-morrow

SUCCESS FOR "SCOOPS"

I HAVE pleasure in presenting to you No. 2 of *Scops*—the paper that is different, that gives you unusual stories of scope and wonder, that looks ahead with vision and brings to you in a straightforward manner news and pictures of the world's progress.

Just as this issue of *Scops* was going to press reports from all parts of the country told of the distinct success of our first number.

Whilst everything possible was done to ensure that nobody should be disappointed, it may have happened that in some cases newsmen's supplies became exhausted.

If you were unfortunate in this way, and would like to have a copy of our first issue, send 2s. in stamps to the Publishers, *Scops*, 22, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.

YOUR IDEAS

I SHOULD like to take this opportunity of welcoming you and of telling you to write and tell me what you think of the stories and features of this, our second number.

I want you to be quite frank in your opinions.

Our stories are in each case the thoughts and ideas of individual authors. We all have our own ideas as to what the future of the world of ours will be like in fifty or a hundred years' time.

I shall hope to hear from you in regard to your thoughts and predictions. Major wage and price lists will come thrifling stories, and not write to me to-day—just postcard will do!

PROFESSOR LOW TAKES US INTO SPACE



YOU are going to enjoy Professor A. M. Low's great serial story "Space," which begins in this week's issue.

One of the world's most famous scientists and thinkers, he will bring before you ideas and concepts that will truly stagger you.

Just as Jules Verne once conjectured what man would find if he travelled under the sea in a submarine, an event which is now a common experience, so Professor Low takes us up into the complicated regions of the Stratosphere and above, as the strange creatures and queer experiences that may be found there.

And what a thrilling story it makes. Those young men trapped in an passing space ship they knew nothing about is a beginning that promises staggering possibilities.

You cannot miss one word of "Space."

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS

No progress is ever made without cost. Civilization and the wonder age have brought with them new issues for humanity.

One of the most terrible tally figures has descended to day in the sacrifice of life on the roads. It increases year by year.

Last year there were 261,229 accidents involving death or injury, and in these accidents 1,125 persons were killed and 214,021 persons were injured.

The figures tell that no fewer than 622 people were killed or injured in road accidents in Great Britain each day.

London has the blackest record. In 1932, 1,406 people were killed and 52,447 were injured in London streets—giving an average of four people killed every day.

The Ministry of Transport and local authorities are doing their best to check this dreadful number. Traffic lights, smooth surfaces for the roads, clearer directions

tracked down in our human fringes, and who can tell what happens to us when we before we are cut?

One of our authors has had the queer idea that the personality of all men loses its answering to the world, and the ban of his study describes a method of capturing these giving personalities and placing them into living people.

The results are amazingly funny, as you will read in the story "Sheer Personality" in this issue.

I would be interested to hear your thoughts on the idea, and whether you would like one of these humanized stories.

BRITISH COASTER TO CAPTURE BRITISH TRADE

BRITAIN is making big efforts to re-occupy her lost prestige and tools in the shipping world.

One of our first efforts is to recover the trade about our own coasts.

Every year nearly 36,000,000 tons of non-passenger shipping brings vast cargoes to Southampton from all over the world.



Over 31,000 of these vessels are re-shipped in coastal vessels for British ports on the North, and 87 per cent. of them are carried by foreign owners.

In an effort to capture this trade, which should be our own, a new all-electric motor vessel, the *Arfild Coast*, was recently launched.

She is a 475-ton ship, with Diesel engine and all-electric gear, and can attain a speed of 12 knots.

Bigger than the foreign carriers, she can carry twice their tonnage—1,200 tons of 200-ton cargo tons when loaded, and get to her destination in half the time it takes a foreign vessel.

Already she has scored many successes, and 8,000 unoccupied coastal sailors are hoping that she will bring the return of the days of prosperity, when only British ships carried foreign coal to British coasts.

SCIENCE FIGHTS CRIME

SCIENCE is making things difficult for the alleged crook.

A man named Legge was recently charged at a Court in London with office breaking and stealing £6.

The constable-sergeant in charge of the case said that a very small piece of metal—slightly the end of a pin—had been found embedded in the woodwork of the window-frame of the office. In Legge's house he had noticed a file with the top missing being used as a poker, and he had arrested Legge on the charge.

At the subsequent trial Mr. Archibald Press, a lecturer in metallurgy at Leeds University, was called to give evidence.

The profound microscope photographs of most sections of the metal showed a few in the file which was also contained in the tip. The metal was fibrous and made a perfect pair, and Mr. Press expressed the opinion that the tiny piece of metal found in Legge's house was part of the file found in Legge's house.

The Editor



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Subscriptions: Britain, 2 months—2s.; 6 months—4s.; 12 months—12s.

The Mystery of the Kidnapped Flyer-inventor

The Professor was ill, too, and his hand gripped a switch ready to switch the apparatus that controlled the Z-1.

"No, no," gasped out Jack, "let me that apparatus to run me out of your. "We'll beat them yet."

"But we are unprepared," retorted the Professor. "Far better to admit it than it should get into the hands of others."

"They may not be after the secret of the plane, though," said Jack. "But till we get down."

"Very well," answered the Professor. "I will get out first. If I give the signal, sound the plane."

Jack was nudging his invention as the Red Flyer touched the earth, ran forward a few yards and, in own momentum, came to rest.

Three grizzled and gaunt flying men with instruments in their hands, started down.

The Professor stepped from the little cabin. "You Cossack!" jerked one of the men.

"What do you want with me?" answered the Professor.

"Great hills," snapped the gaunt flying man, and at the same moment Jack leapt from the plane.

He landed on top of the speaker and the two went down, the speaker lying from the gaunt man's hand.

A brief struggle in the damp grass, and then the last vest of a resistance, yielded to one of the two flying men, just past the Jack's flying activities.

The young inventor went out.

★ BIG BILL LENDS A HAND

41 O! It's time up now!"

Jack Strongbow heard the words through a haze, and with moment he was leaping up into the steamed fire of a fury released a giant old fellow who beat over him.

"That's better," said the old man. "I had a fit strong up like, but when I'm fit, I'm fit."

"I'm fit," gasped Jack as he struggled up and looked about him. He was still in the little cabin of the Red Flyer, but the Professor was not with him.

"The Professor?" he jerked out as memory came flooding back.

"Now, now, take it easy," croaked the old Professor. "Festal's all driving up, I did."

It was daylight, and Jack gazed in wonder. Two hours ago most of the night. Evidently the Professor had seen the plane come to a standstill and landed Jack and up. He need have released him, too.

"What with time?" asked the young man.

"Five whole, and a due morning," he turned the old fellow.

"Thank you for anything of another an option?" And a grey hatted man about age six?" asked Jack.

"Sorry another," answered the Inventor. "I just found it all strong up."

"Well, where are we?" What place is this?"

"This is old Farmer Higgins's place, right onto Little Shadbury, some miles off Lyne Biggs."

"Good," retorted Jack. "And can I get a bit into Lyne Biggs?"

"I don't think I can take you in his room. But we about this 'no configuration'?" The old fellow joined his hands at the Red Flyer.

"Oh, that's all right. If I can get into Lyne Biggs, I'll arrange for it to be picked up. Thanks for all you've done. Let's back the caravans."

Jack began into the Red Flyer was being a switch and looked on a box, Big Bill Farmer. Professor Cossack's methods, including the work.

It was impossible, playing Scrabble and, in doing these details of the last

viewing reporter, who kept running at every moment.

"No, I don't know what has happened to the Professor," he kept telling them. "He's been kidnapped and I to tell you the whole story."

"But have the kidnappers made the secret of the plane?" demanded one of the news paper men. "It'll make a them good story."

"Yes, they haven't," said Jack weakly. "As far as I know they hasn't touched the plane. We're having it brought to me."

"But what?" began another reporter.

"See here what about the tool we. This day? Old Clegg won't be able to pilot the Z-1. The Air Ministry aren't no one about it already. Now that Festal's been kidnapped they might think it's a police job. See?"

"It's not a police job," said Jack again. "If the police don't find the Professor and we can get the Z-1 repaired in time, I will pilot it at the trials."

The newspaper men stood up.

"Say, now you are talking. Young scientist pilots mystery plane at Air Ministry Trials. Very nice."

"Well, if you've got all you want, perhaps you'll get peace," snapped Jack. "Pshaw! What you like?"

The newspaper men got. "That ought the paper. Blamed the news of the strange kidnapping, the attack in the air, and the story of Jack Strongbow's decision to fly the Z-1 in the Air Ministry trials."

"Good stuff," commented Big Bill Fletcher as he laid down the paper. "But what I can't understand is why they didn't touch the young man. The Professor had no enemies besides anyone who might want to shoot him down."

"That's what bates me," retorted Jack. "And the trouble is we can do nothing. We haven't the slightest idea where they've taken the Professor. He might be Ireland now, for all we know. Your think you'll be able to do his people by Thursday, Bill?"

"Every. He is now right if necessary. But, say if those crooks kidnapped the Professor to keep him out of the trials, they'd might have a go at the plane now you're going to fly it. They can all read the news paper."

Gruesome death.
the grey plane came
screaming down at
the Red Flyer like
some hideous bird
of prey.



Lighthouse Flashes an S.O.S.

Then he suddenly saw a light flash up by the house—a hand signal again.

Fancy for an attack—if that was what it was—to be made at the house.

Snapping for an arrow, he dashed into the house and awakened Big Bill.

"Someone trying to get into the house," he cried out.

"It is," snarled Bill, dozing with sleep.

"They're attacking the house," repeated Jack. "Run out yourself."

The machine jolted up, and felt for the revolver he carried in his pocket.

Next moment he was accompanying Jack across the grounds towards the house.

An open window showed the way the crooks had entered, and the two chums ran to a tall hedge. "Don't run here till they come out," suggested Jack.

"Stick 'em up!" a voice suddenly burst out in the gloom of the night, and a dark figure ran from the bushes near the house. Without hesitation, the two chums flung themselves to the ground, and Big Bill's revolver spoke.

There was a dash, a report, and then a sudden cry.

"Mighty big leg," breathed Big Bill.

Next moment two figures came hurtling out of the window almost at top of the two chums lying on the ground. "What?" began a voice, and then Jack and Bill were grappling with the two crooks.

Bill was a fighter—the "sink 'em hard" type. His big fist sent a searing blow and his man was sprawling and struggling furiously. Jack was grappling with his man on the ground, swiveling to have his blow.

But the two crooks were fighters, too—big fellows who knew how to use their fists.

Jack's opponent struggled to his feet and assailed a vicious kick at the boy.

Jack took it on the leg and it paralyzed him for a moment. The man turned to Big Bill and aimed a nasty blow at his neck. Bill coughed and went down.

"Here it is," panted the crook to his pal.

"What about Sam?" gasped out the other.

"Leave him. Ought to have kept better watch."

Then the two men were darting away across the grounds.

Big Bill rose dizzily to his feet. "You all right, Jack?" he gasped out.

"Just," uttered Jack. "That brute could kick."

"Well, after them . . ." yelled Big Bill, and he was darting away in the direction of the road.

"They've got a car," panted Jack. "Let's get the motor-bikes and follow them. They'd lead us to the professor."

"Right," the big mechanic was jerking out, and they turned in the direction of the bushes. It was less than a minute to tell they kept their motor-bikes racing to life, and with Jack at the pillow, Big Bill was racing the machines. Biting after the gleaming red light of the car.

The wind was cold and bitter, and blowing half a gale, but the two men never thought of the cold as they and the bike racing up the steep grade.

The car turned away up to the main road, and the two chums reached it less than a minute later. The car's tail light was now a speck in the distance.

"Let her have it!" yelled Jack, and Big Bill cranked on power.

They screamed past them, but still that red light was just a pin prick in the distance.

They rocketed through villages, passing the others, separated through towns, leaving sleepy-eyed policemen gazing.

They must have covered fifty miles before the red light suddenly disappeared.

"Turned off," said Bill. "Watch out for a turning."

The machine slowed over the next mile, before they saw a road that turned off to the left.

"That's the one," yelled Jack, and Bill set the machine toinding round.

There was no sign of the car, but the road was without a tree for a mile. Then a big wall of light suddenly came flashing across their path. . . . Darkness. . . . Then another burst.

Jack was startled for a moment, then he was grinning once. "A lighthouse. We're right on the coast."

A road turned off to the right, and Bill brought the machine to a stop. He shut off the engine and turned to Jack.

"Better not go any farther on the bike. I don't believe they know we've followed them. Perhaps we'll be able to get into the house, or whatever it is they've got the place."

Now that the engine had been shut off the two chums could hear the sea roaring and crashing on the cliffs below, and ever and again the boom from the lighthouse came flashing past them, painting a weird and wild arena.

Prapping the machine against a tree the two men made their way along the narrow road, passing every now and again at the base of high mounds flashing past.

Then it was they saw the house, and the two long low stone walls to it.

"Hooper!" breathed Jack. "This is the place."

"You stay here, while I go ahead and get the boy of things," whispered Big Bill. "No sense in both of us getting nabbed. Be back in a tick."

Jack lay down in the grass while Big Bill scowled around. He listened to the angry roar of the sea, watched the beams of light flashing out and giving warning to the men of the sea.

It was a group of lighthouse-keepers, with several flashes being followed by a period of darkness. Unconsciously Jack found himself counting.

Flash . . . Flash . . . Flash . . . Darkness . . . Flash . . . Flash . . . Flash. And as it went on, never ending.

Jack got into the rhythm of it, as a necessary experience. Flash, Flash, Flash . . . Dark, dark, dark . . . Flash, Flash, Flash . . . Dot, dot, dot . . . Dark, dark, dark . . . Dot, dot, dot, . . . S . . . O . . . S . . . S . . . O . . . S . . .

The youngster suddenly jerked up.

H.O.S. . . . Danger!

Help wanted. Then he laughed unsteadily.

The light was getting on his nerves.

OPERATIONS without the KNIFE

New wonder instrument cuts you up without spelling any blood

SURGICAL operations performed quite painlessly and without cutting you open is the startling possibility which has been brought about by recent discoveries at the Marconi laboratory at Chelmsford.

The discovery was made during experiments in passing ultrashort wireless waves through the human body for the treatment of disease.

The apparatus to be used is like a radio set both in operation and appearance, and the "radio waves" it produces are used to energize the operating instrument, which is really a sort of blunt knife.

The machine can be "used as" to the "wiresmiths" of various organs of the body, so that the operations will affect the organ desired without interfering with other parts of the body. Thus, since the blunt knife is passed across the outside flesh over the position of the internal organs, and leaves a clean-cut incision as it passes.

No blood is spilled, since the "knife" automatically seals the severed veins as it passes. No gas is felt, for the nerves are paralysed for the moment by the electric current.

He looked towards the house. Not a sign of movement. Big Bill was being a long time.

Flash, dark, dark . . . dark, dark, dark . . . Flash, dark, dark.

A voice suddenly startled Jack. "Not a sign! All bolted up and barred. Hung up are padlocked, too."

It was Big Bill who had come creeping back again. "We'll have to get help—the police."

"You're right, Bill," returned Jack. "There may be a lot of them in the place. But look here, what do you make of that light?"

"What light? The lighthouse, you mean?"

"Yes. It seems to me to be flashing an S.O.S."

"Eh? S.O.S. You're silly. That's what's called group flashing."

"Dance. Anyway, we've got to get help. What about a coastguard station?" Bowed to be over seen. We can phone from there. Let's get nearer the sea."

The two chums made their way towards the shore.

The wind howled and screamed about them, and as they got nearer they could see the sea boiling and thundering about the rocks.

Then they saw the big masts in the distance, and the group of boats below.

"That's it!" hollered out Jack, and the two leaped off. Half an hour's steady walking brought them to the coastguard station.

They crashed on the door of the hut.

"What is it?" demanded the big coastguard who opened the door.

"Can we phone from here?" asked Jack.

"Eh? There is not a post office," said the man suspiciously.

"But we want help—the police."

"What's wrong?"

Bravely Jack told his story, and the coastguard quickly offered assistance. He sent a call through to the nearest town, and while Bill spoke to the postmaster, Jack called the coastguard about the lighthouse.

"What is the light, sir?" he asked.

"Group flashing," laughed the burly coastguard. "Two flashes, five seconds apart. Watch it."

"That's what I was doing," said Jack, and he went to the door. "Flash, dark, dark . . . Three flashes . . . Darkness, Flash, dark, dark . . . Three flashes again."

"Herr," burst out the coastguard. "Something's gone wrong." He dashed over to the other phone, and started winding the handle vigorously.

He clapped the receiver to his ear, but the phone was dead. He whirled the handle again. Still there was no reply.

Now thoroughly alarmed, the coastguard raised his hands.

"Something's wrong on the light, Herr," he jerked out. "Wiring broken, can't get a reply out of them."

Shuddering mightily, the other coastguard raised up and dashed with the phone.

"No use," he said at last. "Who are these?"

He jerked the handle towards the two men.

The burly coastguard exploded.

"The police are on the way," said Big Bill, who had now finished his "phoning."

"What'll you do about the lighthouse?"

"Can't do anything—yet," returned the coastguard. "Can't reach it—it's a bush—ain't no high. Just have to wait."

They gave the visitors tea, and tried all sorts to get into communication with the lighthouse, but still they had no success by the time the police arrived.

It was a sergeant, and three men who came, and, armed with a search warrant, they immediately set out for the house. It was six minutes before the sergeant answered their knock, and they were about to force their

Wonder 'Plane's Great Rescue

was in when the door was suddenly opened by an old man in his eighties.

Without any ceremony the police arrested the whole crew. They found three men on board, none who might easily have been those who attacked the two men, but of the passenger there was no sign.

The men denied all knowledge of the passengers or of anybody else, and became indignant at the alleged breaking in of the police.

"What about the lighthouse?" demanded Jack suddenly.

The man who had been doing all the talking started sharply.

"What do you mean—the lighthouse? What's wrong with the lighthouse?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing," said Jack grimly, but evidently he was thinking with enthusiasm.

"Well, there's nothing more we can do here," said the sergeant. "I must apologize, sir, but this is the house to which those young men followed the car."

"I don't know what you're talking about," retorted the man. "Good night to you, and you'll hear more about this."

The police and the two crew took their leave, and went back to the coastguard station.

"I believe they've got the professor on the lighthouse," said Jack suddenly. "Anyways, Gert's something big going on there."

"Well, you won't find out for some time yet. This sea may last a week," the police sergeant wasn't feeling too happy. "Better get off home. We'll keep the house under observation."

"And meanwhile the thief's to remember," said Big Bill.

The police were taking their leave of the passengers when Jack suddenly snatched Big Bill on the back.

"I've got it!" he yelled.

"Eh?" demanded Bill.

"The Z.I. We can get on to the light house with it. Come on."

And before the big machine could answer she was dragging him out of the coastguard station. "See you soon," Jack shouted to the coastguard controllers.

The young man quickly explained his idea to Big Bill as they dashed off in the machine towards the coastguard, and the machine was as enthusiastic as Jack by the time he was hauling the machine into life.

"OK, for petrol!" quipped Jack.

"Hurry!"

"This long, Jones!"

The powerful motor-bike roared and thundered away through the night.

★ RED FLYER TO THE RESCUE

THE young red 'plane was racing at a steady 200 m.p.h. through the sky, now flushed with the first red streaks of dawn.

Within a quarter of an hour of leaving his lair the sky was bursting over the lighthouse.

The light was still flitting out its signal, and the sea boiled and thundered its anger on the rocks below.

In the little cabin of Z.I. Jack Strongbow and Big Bill Fletcher looked down out to the wild scene.

"Get the grapnel ready!" said Jack, as he handed the controls off to the mechanic.

"OK," intoned Big Bill. "Ailing is over and yell off the telephone."

The Red Flyer was hovering steadily over the lighthouse now, and Jack lifted the hatch cover in the bottom of the cabin and flung out the big iron grapnel which Big Bill had hurriedly rigged up before they set off.

It was scarcely lowered to one of the massive struts on the undercarriage of the Red Flyer and Jack paid it out to full extent.

Then the youngster looked down and yelled to the pilot: "Forward about ten yards and lower about forty-five."

Obeying, in the controls the machine was maneuvered above the lighthouse until at last the grapnel was securely hooked on to the rail of the lighthouse.

"Now hold her at that, Bill," yelled Jack. "I'm going down."

Then began the perilous journey down the swinging rope. Twice the cord caught at the man's swinging body and all but jerked him from his hold on the rope, but slowly and surely he made progress downwards.

"There doesn't!" For at that moment the grapnel came away, and Jack was almost flung down into the boiling water below as the Red Flyer lifted with the release of the strain.

But he hung on life-gum cloth and there he was, dangling at the end of the rope from the swinging machine.

The position was ghastly, and with the added knowledge realization that Big Bill might not know what was happening, Jack tried to climb his way back up the rope again.

Fortunately, it was open, but the light, still flitting out its S.O.S. almost blinded him. Closing his eyes with his arm, he dashed by the steps, reached them, and clambered down.

He found the perchance of the bottom, slumped as powerless as a child.

Quickly he raised his head, yelling, "We're here, sir! We're here!"

"Good gracious!" murmured the Professor, raising himself. "I am glad to see you, my boy. How did you manage it?"

"The Z.I.," gasped out Jack. "It's sailing above now."

"Thank goodness for that!" remarked the Professor. "What day is it?"

"Thursday. If we hurry, you'll be able to get some rest before the trial this afternoon."

"Excellent. But there are those poor light house men. They were held out by those kidnapping people, you know. But I managed to release myself and then free them. They are sleeping now. They set the search light for me. We traced up the sea route who had been left to keep the light going and were answering 'phone calls before the sun went down."

The Professor walked the two lighthouse keepers, who were seated in the Jack, and he quickly explained what had happened the men, in order to stop on the lighthouse with their two prisoners, promised the Professor would release the captured station.

That the Professor agreed to do. Then the scientist and his assistant made the perfunctory back to the Red Flyer.

Big Bill came down as close as he dared, dock with us first, muting the Professor as he came after him. Then, releasing the Z.I., ready for the coast and the coastguard station.

Like a red bird the Z.I. went screaming through the waves at 600 m.p.h. A song of shouting went, a bark of red, and then silence. A few minutes later the coast back, enclosing the edges of the country-side.

"Arriving," said the Air Minister, when Professor Strongbow, Gert, and Jack Strongbow stepped from the 'plane a mile away. "You must forgive us for all our dashes."

"Perhaps you were justified," smiled the Professor. "My disappearance probably was strange."

"Strong indeed," commented Mr. Montague. "But a stranger fact was that almost immediately we had an application for a trial of a similar machine. Professor Crockett, I think it was. We have heard no more from him since though."

"Jack, that's about everything, sir," said Jack.

"It is," conceded the Professor.

"I beg your pardon," interposed the Air Minister.

"You remember you wrote an article on the Coast Guard for *The Seafarers Journal*? I thought you might enjoy the work of this time. Crockett probably adopted your idea and obtained a machine of his own. It was at his insistence to get you out of the way, he probably got them you to bring you to that Z.I., would have to trial and his own machine would get the honour—and the cash."

That is possible," murmured the Professor, "I never did like Crockett. But why should he go to such lengths—why not use a lighthouse?"

"Safest place on earth," put in Big Bill, who had been listening intently during the trials. "Study the weather reports and get a sea on lighthouse. When the high seas come, they're safe for days."

"That's it," agreed Jack, "but they increased without the Z.I."

"Well, what does it matter?" remarked the Professor. "Whoever wins it is, is all in the interests of science."

"Gosh, what a race," Big Bill groaned into the ear of young Jack.

"What a race," agreed Jack.

SAUSAGE SKINS made of WOOD



Church, gramophone records, sausage skins, clothes, sugar—they all come from the tree!

THE tree might almost be called the "Universal Encyclopaedia" of the new wooden age.

Everyone knows that trees supply us with timber, paper, rope and cables, but how many know that in-day trees are providing sugar, glass, insulation leather, perfume, gramophone records, cattle food, clothes, and—strange of all—sausage skins?

All over America and Europe experiments are being carried out to extract new products and by-products from the goods of the forest.

In Germany sugar is extracted from wood for the production of ethyl alcohol; a German has discovered a process by means of which he can convert from the network tree a forest products laboratory in Wiesbaden, America, has increased in extracting from wood—sugar, turpentine, shoddy, dried lime, gramophone records, surgical dressings and sausage skins.

By distilling sawdust in a similar manner to the distillation of coal a gas for lighting and heating can be produced; and woodcock under pressure with diluted sulphur and wax, after various processes, be used for candle wax.

From wood pulp a transparent sheet can be made which, placed between plates of glass, produces safety glass.

A shoddy has been built entirely from the cellulose base. Insulation can now be made from wood, wood "flour" (wood, saw dust and shavings ground to extreme fine mesh) is used in the production of dynamite, and can be modified into slate, handles, car radiator cores, and parts of telephones.

But Big Bill had been watching, and now he acted promptly.

The Red Flyer came lower, moved slowly, over so slowly towards the lighthouse rail.

It was a terrible experience, and Jack's swinging body crushed up against the rail of the lighthouse.

The chute cracked him, but he managed to cling to it as the rim-walk, and next moment he was dragging himself up to the rail and to the safety of the gallery.

Waving assistance to Big Bill in the Z.I. above, he ran round the gallery until he reached the door.



★ ATTACKED BY THE MOONMEN

WE'VE landed on the Moon!"

Lord Algyon Tyford panted out

the words, and stood looking at the

windless breeze.

The young peer's select circle of acquaintances had in his London clubs might have been long gone by and recognising Lord Algy at that moment.

The man, startled expression on his face, gave him the lack of some young Viking of old.

But just now he was very far away from London, he had vanished, indeed, from that sphere we call the Earth.

With the strongest possible companion he stood on Mount Tycho, the highest peak of the Moon's dark surface.

Starting from earth in the marvellous planet ship, Universe, they had not until disaster was passed far. They had meant to touch the Moon, but not with wounded engine.

The Universe landed up behind the spacesuit now, a gleaming bulk with the pointed proude of a battleship.

There was a tingey touch in the sight of that gleaming space their living looked over in the moonless gloom. But Salvatore Beni, the skipper, knew that she was an wounded beyond repair.

"Gone we ought to have stayed aboard the ship," he grumbled. "Another half-hour and I could have got the engine right."

From the first moment of landing, however, the dark, brooding Moon seemed to have exerted some strange influence over them.

Salvatore Beni was a man weakly without nerves. When his U.S. Navy submarine had sunk of itself in twenty fathoms, Beni had opened the valves and let in water to compress the air upwards and force off the hatch.

He had shot up, half-drowned, and had been rescued by Captain Nick Chase, the

marvelous space-adventurer who had been crossing under the sun in the Universe.

Salvatore Beni had joined forces with him, partly because no one could rescue the very odd-tempered Captain Nick if he wanted a man and partly because it meant telling a sorry tale of negligence on the part of his valourous officer. If Beni, as sole survivor, reported to the U.S. Naval authorities,

Chase was the third member of the crew. The little battle-bred Mongol had been Captain Nick's companion for years. He was a fierce fighter, and the primitive man shuddered but lightly to his name.

The crew went to complete the case of space-robbers were. Beni, the space engineer whom Captain Nick Chase had saved from the charge-gangs in Africa.

Stomach growl was a marvel of white teeth and his deep chuckle was a joy. But his experiences had scared him through and through, and when desperate he was a bad block to meddle with.

"These fear-and-tread Algy! They were not men to be scared easily, nor to yield without effort to the enemy."

Yet they had been unable to stay in the space ship, though they would have been safer aboard. All had agreed to the suggestion that they should find space-ants and go out to investigate.

As they advanced on them heavily, waggling hands through the intense cold of Moon Tycho, they looked like four devils.

By placing their great plastic helmets against one another, they could talk. Then, as of glad together, they dragged along, ever looking upward for a floating figure in a spacesuit.

Their skipper, Captain Nick Chase, had jumped out into space to go after a runaway second Moon, when he suspected of being in league with enemy forces. They missed the red-bordered skipper.

But all they saw in the blackness was a night of stars, gleaming with a weird, bluish light. The mere redness whirled discs on them. That was the Earth they had left behind, and its light indeed a terror hard to fight.

"By Jove, you know, ever been Moon struck?" Lord Algy jerked out as they trudged along.

Then they came to a sudden halt. They were standing on the edge of a vast slope and were staring down into the impenetrable depths of Mount Tycho.

"What are they?" barked Algy.

The space-robbers looked down at strange bodies lying on the glassy-sheened slopes.

"I say, you men—dust it!" cried the young peer stiffly. "They're coming to us!"

He tried to laugh, but his voice trailed off.

"Why, they're men—men!"

All at once into the eyes of these hardened old devils lying on the ground there leapt a red glow of light. Like an army armed from sleep they commenced to rise.

It was eerie, uncanny, as though somehow had put over the switch of a powerful dynamo.

Chase growled fiercely and jerked away his shoulder. "Buddha know I cannot kill us such as these."

Down below the black ghosts were gathering together. They consisted of just naked little pointed armors and had heads like black names-ticks.

Lord Algy and his friends guessed they were the Moonmen without blades, of which Monk had spoken. On their backs were power-banks, from which electric sparks crackled.

And those eyes! They were like searchlights, searing both ghastly crimson rays. Suddenly the Moonmen fired their backs, and the red glow hit the space-robbers like a blow.

They had been seen, discovered. Yet they still stood, their nerves quivering. The sense of the uncanny gripped them. The moonless top was like a vast flickering stage.

"They're coming for us!" gritted Salvatore Beni vindictively, chewing the half-eggs at the corner of his mouth while his face grew grey and harsh.

Then, as though some power had given the order to change, the ravenous Moonmen suddenly broke into a savage run up the sheer slope.

The space-robbers seemed rooted in terror. Salvatore Beni's voice broke the spell. It crackled like a live wire.

"Run for it, you guys. Like you were on

Space Captain Causes Chaos on the Moon

"You can stop those robots—" he blurted in his eyes except to the Master of the Moon. Doctor Merlin smiled with a frost of giddiness that was safely dangerous. "But of course I can, all I need is to turn. "They are the Moonmen without hands, and I am their master. In their heads is a delicate mechanism. I can know any thoughts and orders through my supermind."

He lowered his hands to the arms of his chair. "With as a fan, he touched bays, translating fresh orders to the Moonmen below. Captain Nick stopped him with a force gesture of his sentinel.

"I understand. So track, mind, or I'll blow you apart."

Immediately the Master of the Moon raised his hands again. But his black hands lifted as he laughed shrilly.

And Captain Nick Chancé stared down again at the dust at his feet.

The Moonmen had got his space-sabers and Lord Algy up against a massive wall that got them covered. "By thunder!" Nick Chancé cried. "If you don't switch off that thought-blower, or whatever it is, I'll—"

Doctor Merlin's dark eyes gleamed in mocking mirth. But he caught his breath sharply. "No, you don't—" he cried as he saw something like the killer-light leap to Captain Nick's eyes.

"Wah!" With his foot he ground, some rocks springing on the floor.

The effect was staggering. There was a hissing sound, like the shrilling of a thousand snakes, and round the Master of the Moon, seated in his throne like a star, there instantly leapt up a curtain of fiery golden flames.

An argot about came from Captain Nick Chancé's throat. With a gape he realized what the thing was.

A positive cry. He had been captured—this gas was metallic metal in his hands. The Captain had no doubt whatever that the electric ray would deliver a bullet. For that he was, not to have been quicker!

Doctor Merlin's smile was one of open and triumph. "You see, you can't get me," he purred in his rich basses. "All—be broken off."

"See, your space-sabers have crept into a slot in the rock." Doctor Merlin gurgled after a snort. "The Moonmen without hands would fit in there. They are hands; they have no hands of their own. But I will direct them—"

He laughed behind his crackling wattle while Nick Chancé, clutching at his eyelids, stared down through the lava.

Coolly the Master of the Moon lowered his hands to the little buttons on the arms of his chair.

"Your comrades shall die," he said softly. "I have no use for them. They landed on the Moon because I thought you were with them. I can see you, Nick Chancé, for your scientists and engineering powers."

Captain Nick stood with glistening eyes as the Master of the Moon pressed the buttons. He was aware of his position, surrounded by the protective rays. Nick Chancé had not fired a shot—he was no fool to leakage in little gunholes.

"See, they know what to do now," purred the Master of the Moon. "They are dispensing from the rock. Watch. Algy is installed in a radioless zone of play. Our crew of tiny Moonmen are falling. Some are exploded. Well, as in a wonderful space-sabre."

Captain Nick had a great surprise. He was back headed about on the surface of the Moon and could scarcely be filled into space. Now, as I do all through that little box on the shelf. True, it does not transmute stones—metals—or two little men power needs to be generated. But look—what they do."

The Captain Nick perched at the monitor

with the lighted eyes, a red curtain of rage seemed to fall before his eyes.

He threw up his banded hand like a lightning sword.

"Yes—you find—" he said thickly.

And then, swift as a film-flacker, a thought flashed in the Captain space-adventurer's mind. It was just sheer desperation. In a stroke he might do it—right save the space-sabers and Lord Algy who were facing down below.

All the mad recklessness still in his now, Captain Nick Chancé threw up his revolver and waging at the little box on the shelf deliberately fired.

"Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!"

It was a P-45, an open-air snarler gun. Captain Nick Chancé faced the bounces feverishly till the chambers were exhausted, and he gazed through the curtain of smoke that whirred and rolled round him.

RADIO STATIONS for the POLICE



Scotland Yard's new campaign against crime.

Scotland Yard. THE first of a series of broadcasting stations for the use of the police is being erected at Putney Police Station.

At the present moment all messages for Flying Squad and "Q" cars are sent out from the Control Room at Scotland Yard, but as that now goes against crime long or for transmitting stations are to be built at different parts of London.

They will be able to work independently or in co-operation with one another in the round-up of stamping scamps.

"These! Bluff that for!" he grunted. "I know I haven't got you, Mr. Moon-Master—but when I raise my gun, I've got a hell's eye."

And then Doctor Merlin's jaws were gone.

"Fool! Fool! Look what you've done. You've ruined everything; you've caused chaos on the Moon. By the internal stars, you shall pay for it!"

But Captain Nick Chancé paid no heed. He was moving down through the lava. And after a moment his teeth bared in a white bear in his tanned face.

Captain Nick could afford to grin.

"Fool, you're going away! No, they're not! By Jove, you know, the bargees are up to some fresh mischief!"—and Algy exploded.

Concealed in the narrow slot in the rock, Lord Algy and the space-sabers watched the gang of a hundred or more lighted missiles who were dispersing from the association wall.

Algy to everything, the fair-haired young peer noted that one or two of the giant Moonmen staggered and fell as if exhausted.

"By Jove, I thought," he said, "some of those falling are falling down. I don't think they're getting enough power, you know," he added shrewdly.

Nevertheless, the majority of the semi-flying armoured Moonmen seemed instead with sufficient vigour, as these being method of action trashed.

"What're they up to?" gasped Algy. Suddenly the faces of the four space-sabers became stolid with cold blood.

"The foisted others! They're matching us stones!" shouted Lord Algy.

"Who's a fool?"

Silently the stones came hurtling about them.

"Bury your heads, masters!" barked Chang the little Mongolian.

The greatest danger was that their glassy boulders might crack. They were made of easily breakable glass, but if they cracked to admit the flying others, death would be instantaneous.

Like missiles they tried to hurl to their heads or the stones whizzed about them. And it must be admitted that for a few moments each sentinel clutched rock of the four space-sabers.

"This is the finish," gulped Lord Algy. "Well, I could have dropped Aunt Tulaia's post-cards."

And then, without warning, the valley of stones suddenly ceased. Uncertainly, Algy looked up. He half expected something to follow.

But he could scarcely believe what he saw. "Why—why, dash it!" he exclaimed. For the smoky red glass was dying from the eyes of the giant Moonmen and they were staggering.

"Well—I mean to say, they're bickering the boulders," shouted Algy. "Piss, I say, from Pike, old boy, the Moonmen are exploring. Fading away, if you follow me."

The space-sabers were unable to bludgeon their sense. In hopes the Moonmen piled up outside the mountain wall. A certain lava blazed through the space-sabers as they watched the collapse of the Moonmen.

But Lord Algy was not allowed for long. He stood up in the rock-strewn passage with his mace in his eye and a pistol gun in his hand.

"To pods, just surgery the sons of bitches!" Piss-wager Captain Nick Chancé has done this. I mean to say, give her hearty applause, Eh, what?"

And Lord Algy commenced to stride out among the prodded bodies of the giant Moonmen, while the other space-sabers picked themselves up and followed at his heels, bickering but alert for trouble.

"Sam Pike, old boy; you hear that smug 'Top-tee except the Tobe?" inquired Algy as he picked his way among the fallen Moonmen.

"Am, spik it!" growled Barbara Sam Pike, snarling savagely around for further missiles. He snatched his half-sight from one corner of his mouth to the other. "If this is Captain Nick's work," he declared, "I bet he's meaning me to get back to the Universe, which we shouldn't have left. We've gotta repair those engines. Come on, poor Lord Algy."

"But dash it, you're not going to bank this away. Fly from the Moon!" exclaimed Lord Algy. "I want to fed out how these fellows work. Dash it, I say—"

The three space-sabers, however, had come round to make music for the dash, shouting shapes of the Universe.

★ DRAGON MONSTER OF THE MOON

ORD ALGY had already hit the mark when he had realized that the vanquishing of the Moonmen was the work of Captain Nick Chancé.

The space-captain in the control室 of the *Merlin* had seen that, though the Master of the Moon was completely encircled by the crackling protective ring, the black power bear standing near a shell near his chair, was not protected. It was outside the web.

Captain Nick Chancé, on that sudden inspiration, had fired at the power bear.

"Now!" he gritted. "Now what?" A laugh rippled from the red-headed space-adventurer's lips as he stood with the smoking gun. He had heard the crackling of stones in that power bear.

Down on the Moon the black ghosts were tapping and crackling down in leaps, the red glass fading from their eyes.

Monster Terror of the Moon People

"Now then!" cried Captain Nick. "See my space-sailors waiting for their ship is all I have. And your Moon-men—scattered in the dust with a few revolver bullets! What're you going to do about it?"

His mocking laugh rang out. Captain Nick was part wolf when he was roused.

Match, the strange unnamed engineer, who had popped his head up from the hatchway at the sounds of the shout, suddenly vanished.

Doctor Merlin, the Master of the Moon, suddenly switched off the periscope ray and sank into his chair. He seemed no longer to fear Nick Chance's revolver.

He leaped forward, gripping the arms of the chair, and he shook with the rage that possessed him.

"Crazy fool!" he said in a trembling voice. "See what you have done. You have rendered powerless the whole of my traffic now! What do you know of life on the Moon?"

"You call that life?" growled Captain Nick Chance contemptuously. "That gang of radio robots? Why, I am surprised at you, Doctor! You, a learned scientist and astronomer. Is that the best you can produce? This is the moon—!"

The Moon-Master's face writhed.

"Hear me mistake," he said亟ly. "You do not know the resources of the Moon. Take those huge craters, miles deep, on the Moon's surface. They have atmosphere, and there is life. Those Men Without Minds, they were my protective police, to guard against the Monstros. Ah—your charge constitutes!"

The cold-hearted space-captain shivered.

He knew there were cancer influences on the Moon. And he knew there was some dreadful threat to the world. He tried to draw the Master of the Moon.

"You're telling me!" he scoffed.

"I'm telling you yet. And you'll see them with your own eyes. Monsters, ugly like dragons, crawling through the vegetation of this dead world. Eyes like lightening bolts, and jaws to swallow a man in a single bite. The marks they make in the dust are like those of giant snakes, all writhed."

Captain Nick stared. He sensed the fear that was in the mind of the Master of the Moon.

"You think I'm lying, you think I'm crazy—but I'm not," Doctor Merlin went on. "That radio power we used to keep the monsters back in their pits. And now you have snatched the power. The monsters have intelligence—an uneasy sense. They will come out."

"That doesn't mean a thing to me," snapped Captain Nick. "I'm not responsible for the solar system or the Moon."

"But you are! You have done terrible harm," cried Doctor Merlin, fixing his gleaming eyes on the space-captain.

"You are," he went on slowly, "there are other denizens of the Moon—the real Moon people. They are weak physically, but they have enormous brains. They live in cities covered by jagged glass domes there on the Moon. They are clever—yes. More fit to inhabit the world than the race of apes of fools now on that beautiful Earth."

"I get you," snapped Captain Nick Chance. "You'd lead a new race on Earth. Become ruler of the Moon and the Earth. You're advancing big, Doctor Merlin."

The Master of the Moon snorted beneath his flowing brown.

"We will not talk of that—yet!" he said slowly. "We will talk of the monsters you have in base by your foolish act. Look! Look to the left, Captain. It is actually a tremendous mass, and will bring such to your rooms. You will see much."

Captain Nick Chance once more joined down at the brilliant wings at his feet, and suddenly he gave a violent start.

"Gosh! The Moon monster! And it's coming up out of the pit. It's making for the Universe—it'll wreck my ship!" he gasped.



Crouched in the mountain crevices the space-sailors watched the terrible Moon-monster baring themselves against the solid wall, trying to get into the recess.

★ TRAPPED BY THE MOON MONSTER

LORD ALGY had lagged after the others, bemused by a curiosity about the fallen Monstros. They were an interesting to Lord Algy as a rare sports model car, and he now had no fear of them.

The others, with their long sailing bags, had arrived back at the Universe, and they suddenly crawled through the air chamber into their floating boat.

Submarine Sam Pike had floated himself of space suit and basket, and now now, with a bag of tools, was working frantically at the damaged engine.

The blue six-armed tattosso on his chest writhed with his muscles as he worked. He forgot time.

Tombo and Ching writhed greedily.

"I'm getting her right," growled Submarine Sam.

All three had forgotten Lord Algy.

Suddenly Banzo, the giant auge, looked out of one of the observation windows. He stared wondering for a moment, then the whites of his eyes began rolling as he shrank.

"What—what's that?" he screamed, pointing.

The three space-sailors followed his trembling fingers.

Terror strikes, they saw the manner of the Moon rising up from the depths below Moon Tycho.

A giant head like that of a dragon, with gaping jaws in which showed several rows of teeth, was rising high up above a great, green-oval body.

The eyes were great long plates that made the little seem blind. And they might have been blind eyes, for as the terrible thing turned its head on its snake-like neck, it turned around—away from the planet ship—as if spouting foam.

There was a moment of stark terror.

"Where's His Lordship?" barked Submarine Sam.

Even as the words came from his lips the Moon master lifted his great armoured, elephant-like bulk from the dust and reached out with his great grey hands, tipped with powerful claws.

"By holy!" shouted Submarine Sam. "There he comes—the posh dumb gal! Lord Algy! And he ain't got a Cimmerian's chance, no sir!"

In sailing bags Lord Algy was making for the space ship. He didn't see the Moon monster, that terrible nightmare creature—with it was too late!

A moment of horror! What can save the reckless Algy from this of hideous monster of the space? The three space-sailors, the three space-sailors. Head of the deadly fiend with the Moon monster, and how Nick Chance captures the space ship of the Master of the Moon. It's a thriller!

A World-Famous Scientist with a great new story of Adventure in—

SPACE



NO one knows what is in Space. Only the Scientist can Foretell—and in this thrilling yarn Professor A. M. Low dares to Prophesy.

★ THE WONDER MACHINE

ENCIMES running a blundering symphony of speed, exhausts straining their souls at the flow, the three motorcyclists were racing down the narrow country road.

Heavy competition roars strapped about them, helmets and goggles covering their heads, they looked like some young speed demons based on an express, rushing madly.

Across a long stretch, Peter Hanley was running a power race. For early

headed, runny-class, Peter was enjoying himself. Just beginning a journalism career, he had laid down his pen for a brief holiday.

Running along beside him on a B.R.A. was short, dapper Philip Joyce. In spite of his size he had big, nimble shoulders, and he got about as easily as most. Twenty-one, still at Public School, he was expecting shortly to enter his father's business as a chartered accountant.

Behind him rode Victor Stanchfield, a slim young man of twenty—lively, active Vic. Softly, Vic's speed hurt him, and he made a good compromise.

The bike was a bit of a cork-screw.

By **Professor A. M. LOW**

D.Sc.

turn—and that was why he had, called the others.

Ben he knew less did have much of, and just now he was listening intently to his engine, the one he had built.

Something was wrong. There was a different note in the rattle and clatter.

Then without warning, Vic's machine packed up. It gave one coughing splutter and then stopped.

"H—!" Vic's race followed the motorcyclists in front, and they drove to a sudden screaming stop.

"Why hasn't your power?" Philip Joyce yelled as he looked back. He was inclined to be truculent at times, but behind his haughty manner was a good heart.

The two motorcyclists turned their machine round, and came slowly back to where Vic was bent over his machine, fiddling about. But the machine seemed to have given up for good now.

The three spent a quarter of an hour over the machine, getting thoroughly stuck and stuck, but she refused even to splutter.

"Better find a garage," suggested Peter.

"He can't do the job," Vic.

"Rock on it's the whole labour collection of old 'Vicks' got in Philip.

"That's all right," defended Vic. "Never let me down until now. How far is the village?"

"It'll be about half a mile," estimated Peter as they started to push their machine along the road.

For three were on holiday, as time was no object, but it was warm with pushing their heavy cycles, and after ten minutes they propped their machine against a hedge and sat down on the grass verge.

Philip suddenly noticed a big shed some distance from the road.

"Be there!" he cried. "That looks like some kind of a workshop. There may be a mechanic there who can put the power right. I'll go and have a squat."

The other two nodded loudly, and then even followed Philip as he got up and walked across the field.

He disappeared inside, she closed up the entrance for a door. A moment later, while Vic and Peter were clattering, a short room across the road and they both looked up quickly.

"Hi, you fellows!" came Philip's yell, and he was once more seen again.

"Hi, more happy news again," said Vic.

"Seems pretty excited about it," Peter observed as they slowly walked towards the others. "What's so marvellous for?"

Philip was certainly coming back at a good pace. He arrived breathless.

"What's all the excitement about?" asked Peter.

Philip spluttered and caught his breath. "It's the most wonderful contraption you've ever seen on."

"What?" demanded Vic.

"It's in that shed," Philip hurriedly. "I've never seen anything like it. It's—it's the one of those things you see on the pictures. Come on."

Before the other two could stop him, Philip was tearing back the way he had come. The other two followed and came to the door of the shed. It was wide open, and an amazing sight met the gaze of the three young motorcyclists.

Standing before them in the shed was a high narrow object which looked like a mixture of a motor-ship and a balloon. The upper part seemed to consist of aluminium. It glinted brightly. The aluminium rested on a squat looking kind of frame, the top of which formed the floor of the cabin.

"Gosh!" gasped Philip. "What on earth is it?"

Vic, younger but boldest of the three, walked up to the balloon.

"This time, it's nearly all aluminium," he said. "What is it for? Look! There's a ladder leading up to the cabin door. Come on, though, I'm going to have a squat at this."

And with this invitation he began to climb up the ladder.

Peter and Philip watched him rather dubiously.

"Supposing the owner should come along."

THE MAN WHO MADE TELEVISION POSSIBLE

PROFESSOR A. M. LOW, the author of this new serial, is one of the most distinguished scientists and inventors of modern times.

He has personally been responsible for some of the most remarkable inventions, many of them of international importance.

He invented the method used by wireless and telex of extracting appearance from the dark, and he was the discoverer of the wireless eye, which can see in the dark.

He was the first to invent the first single-casted television in London in 1934. The system which television has made in recent years is a result of his work in the Professor's experiments.

Professor Low's many made in constructing the telephone, and the motor-car, and television.

He began to like one house laboratory, with more room given by themselves, hidden local scientists, and mathematicians.

During the war, he kindly accepted official position as the scientific advisor to the Royal Commission of the Admiralty Board, which advised the British R.F.C. forces, and afterwards the Royal Canadian Forces, on the best way

to fight the war.

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Another Great Scoop for SCOOps

said Peter. "He wouldn't like to see you poking about the thing, whatever it is."

"It'll be easier for me, however."

"It's all right," he said, and he followed Victor up the ladder, and into the cabin.

Peter took an examination of surprise come from the two fellows above him, and without more ado he followed them.

It was an amazing place, crowded with queer gadgets of all kinds. There were various wires and cylinders, an object that looked like a honeycomb, steel tubes, radish lanterns, a sort of submarine cage and, it seemed to Peter's bewildered eyes, hundred other instruments.

"Like a wonder house of the future," said Philip.

"Gosh! What's this?" and he grabbed one of the many intricate gadgets.

"Looks like some sort of electric motor," returned Vic.

Peter was going curiously at the end of the cabin. "Listen; what's that?" he said suddenly.

The two passengers stopped to listen, and all three heard, very softly at first, but gradually growing louder, a low hissing noise.

"What on earth?" gasped Philip, looking round. "What is it? Where is it coming from?"

"I say," said Peter doubtfully, "Let's get out."

"Don't be a frightened guy," said Victor. "I think we're pretty interesting, all of us, but I should like to know what that blasted noise is."

★ THE BALLOON GOES UP

IT all happened because the Professor was hungry.

Even professors must eat, but it was unfortunate that Alfred Joseph Slater, M.D., M.H.B., should have chosen his meal here at this time.

On the day this story opens the Professor was home to tea much as usual, but it was not quite as it, for he had a long day. Indeed, it had been mapped out for a long time, the greatest happening in Slater's life, and one of which he had long dreamed—the day for the ascent of the *Aeronaut*!

All his dreams and every penny of his money were concentrated in the making out of scientific possibilities—this wonderful balloon.

The prospect of sailing in the unexplored spaces of the sky, of watching from the stratosphere the sunset he had held since long ago, lined the Professor beyond all others.

He had the greatest faith in his balloon. Every detail represented years of thought and work, there was almost an imperfection in every bolt and piece of machinery. But the Professor's great brain sometimes overlooked important details, and it was so in this case.

Although he had checked and rechecked the design, equipment and accessories of the balloon, there was one thing that he forgot—and that was to lock the door of the larger below he hurried to his house a short distance away for his lunch.

Slater had planned to make the ascent slow and on great sorrow. Besides his wife, only two other people knew of the details of the balloon and of the projected ascent.

These two were Dr. Horace, an old school friend, and Professor Mordecai, also his master. Slater is the manufacturer of the balloon, which had steadily risen high in the bridge on which it was sited.

The Professor had arranged to make his momentous start immediately after lunch.

It was a hurried, nervous meal, for Slater was greatly excited. He would set out down to the scaffold his sandwiches and gulped down a glass of wine and even as he ate he looked excitedly to his watch.

Looking out of the dining-room window he gazed to the blue sky. "It's less than half an hour I shall be up there," he cried, with the glow of a rushing heart to start on his first journey up.

I will shut down with one of the

greatest scientific secrets of all time. At one time I may make possible the trans-Atlantic air route.

"For years these half-efficient madmen, who call themselves scientists, have been toiling about, trying to discover how an airplane could fly from London to New York in a few hours. They have been failing with weather reports and studying conditions in the Arctic."

"But it is up there the secret is and I will find them. I know I shall."

Having finished his lunch, Professor Slater prepared to leave the house for the hangar. There was, in fact, little to do, for the balloon had been prepared to perfection for his ascent.

About the only thing he had to do was to write a note to the Royal Society informing them officially that his space-making attempt was about to begin.

He handed the letter to a servant and then took his wife. "Good-bye."

At her own wish, Mrs. Slater was remaining in the house, as a natural anxiety for her husband centred in her a strong desire at the risk of exposing the balloon actually to a crowd.

She took the Professor an affectionate "Good-bye," and he left the house.

At the first gush he looked up and down the road for his two friends, Dr. Horace and Professor Mordecai, who were to see him off.

In a few minutes the two men appeared, and then all three walked towards the hangar, Professor Slater talking excitedly about his enormous adventure.

When the three men were about two hundred yards from the hangar, Professor Mordecai suddenly stopped.

"Arre! What's that?" he exclaimed.

The others halted and listened intently. There was no mistaking the sound. The long hissing was clearly audible.

"Good heavens!" blurted Slater, breaking into a run. "Someone's taken hold the ascending valve. Quick, as we shall be too late."

The other two men joined in the scramble for the hangar.

When they were about fifty yards away, they saw the fragile shed being lifted bodily

from the ground, at first quite slowly, and then with a sudden rush.

The stratosphere balloon was going up!

As they watched, it was already forty or fifty feet in the air, and the sand and canvas of the shed had fallen from the balloon back to the ground.

Professor Slater stood transfixed as he watched. He was unable to say a word, although his lips trembled.

"Stop!" exhortingly Professor Mordecai flung up his hand and shouted to whatever might be in the balloon.

Then the three men on the ground had another moment of breathless terror.

"Not far from the hangar—is what had been the hangar—was an enormous radio antenna, about a thousand feet in height."

Cought by the wind, the balloon, obviously out of control, was carried hither and thither, spitting vapor like a top as it did so.

"Good gracious!" shouted Slater, who had now recovered his speech. "It's going to hit . . . It's going to hit . . . I'll be smashed like an egg!"

He buried his face in his hands.

★ HURTLING INTO SPACE

INSIDE the balloon itself there were three startled and screaming passengers.

It was the sole curiosity of Philip that had landed them in this amazing predicament.

He had touched the ascending valve, and Peter, having become thoroughly alarmed by the continued hissing, was about to get out, insisting that the others should do so, when the balloon had suddenly gone up.

Actually he had his hand on the cable when the acceleration began to rise.

Then it was too late.

The excitement of the Professor and his companions below had been clearly observed by the boys.

Looking out of the observation port of the wonder ship, we saw the ground falling away below. Terror-stricken, he yelled to the others,



At a Thousand Miles an Hour into Space

He was pale with fright. It was he who saw the smoke signal and shouted to the others.

None of them knew anything about the balloon, and Peter looked round the cabin for some kind of control-wheel or lever—something that would enable them quickly to avoid the huge steel pylons.

But he could see nothing that he understood.

In desperation he yelled out, "Bend your arms against this side. Quick—as hard as you can."

Not knowing why they did it, the others obeyed.

The balloon stopped spinning and began to bump its way slightly to the right. Peter's candle-like hair had been an incendiary and, for the moment, they were safe.

They drew a deep breath of relief as they glided past the pylons, which was now so near that they could almost have touched it with their hands.

The balloon was rising steadily, and with amazement from the two looked down at the receding earth.

No longer could they take out the figures of the three men, houses and buildings were vanishing minute by minute.

Realizing that if they were to get down again something would have to be done quickly, Peter and his companions made another survey of the contents of the cabin.

But it was all such a fearful jumble. Not one of them could take hold of it at

There were several hours in line, but waiting to indicate what they were for, and the young men dared not touch any of them for fear of the consequences.

"If we pull one," suggested Peter, "it might deflate the confounded balloon, and we'd drop to earth like a stone."

"Why didn't the fellow who built it label his gadgets?" put in Vic.

"Good question," retorted Peter laconically.

"We must be at least five thousand feet up now," said Phillip, who had remained quiet all this time. "We're probably rising at a speed of one thousand feet a minute. I wonder if the thing will stop itself?"

At that moment the cabin of the balloon plunged into darkness.

"Gosh!" cried Phillip. "What's happened?"

Peter laughed. "It's all right," he told them. "We've reached a big cloud and we're passing up upwards through it, that's all."

Mountain, which collected quickly as the thick windows of the cabin gave an indication to Peter's explosion.

A few seconds later the balloon emerged from the cloud and light poured into the cabin once more.

"I was just thinking," said Phillip. "What was this balloon built for? It was obviously meant for some definite purpose. A great deal of time and money must have been spent on it."

"There's no doubt," replied Peter, "that it's one of the balloons built for exploring the stratosphere. We've been doing a lot in the old country lately about experiments to see if it isn't possible to go up to space by flying a gas balloon across America by first of all touching the stratosphere."

"I've read about it, too," interposed Vic. "But—but I say, there people go up ten miles or more don't they? You don't think we're going up ten miles, do you?"

"Not if we can help it," replied Phillip. "The question is, how are we to stop ourselves?" Peter looked at the others.

"I remember reading in another newspaper about some secret strength that was going to be made on the stratosphere," he said. "One science reporter was talking about it in the office the other day. He said it was all being hushed up. It was to be something on a big scale and that Professor—Sister or Brother, I think the name was—was said to be building a secret balloon somewhere. However, I wonder if this is the balloon!"

He had hardly finished speaking when the balloon suddenly came to a complete standstill. The trio looked at one another in amazement that was not mixed with fear. They held their breaths, wondering what was going to happen next.

The tension went by and all three remained still and tense, but the balloon showed no signs of any further movement.

More than an hour had passed and the balloon still remained motionless.

The hour had been filled by intense discussion on the part of Peter, Phillip and Vic. They had taken careful stock of the interior of the cabin and had made notes and diagrams of it.

As they now stood at the now of leaves they wished that some human-and-inspiration would help them to decide which was the right one to pull to make the balloon descend to the earth as steadily as it had risen. All the levers looked exactly alike.

At last Peter came to a sudden decision.

"Slow down," he said. "We'll have to take a chance. I suggest that we pull back the first lever just an inch or two at least to give us time to observe what effect will be and if possible, by pulling the lever back quickly, avoid any unpleasant consequences."

The others agreed to the suggestion and watched breathlessly as Peter, with intense caution, took hold of the first lever and attempted to pull it slightly.

It would not budge, and he applied more pressure. Still the thing refused to move.

Then Peter gave it a tug. Instantly the lever drew back to its half extent. The balloon trembled violently and all three looked at each other with frightened faces.

A moment later there was a roar from below the floor of the cabin and a great sheet of flame leapt out. The cabin itself became filled with smoke.

The trembling of the balloon increased in violence for a second or two and suddenly Peter shouted hoarsely.

"It's a rocket balloon. I've fired off one of the rocket. Let go the floor and hold tight!"

Almost at once the balloon shot madly into the air.

Lying, clutching the floor of the smoke-filled cabin, the three men were being hurled into the stratosphere at the rate of a thousand miles an hour.

A deafening, thundering noise was in their ears and they were thinking desperately of their lives and safety.

Strong as their love was, they had no conception of the peril which lay before them in the uncharted regions of space.

A powerful story, indeed! Next week *Perfume* will take us up to the sun where the exciting experiences of the three young men, come with them into the stratosphere, will be revealed. Women and young girls, with an adventurous mind and daring, will be enthralled by this chapter of death-like scenes hanging over.

CAN it be Done?

Devices waiting to be invented



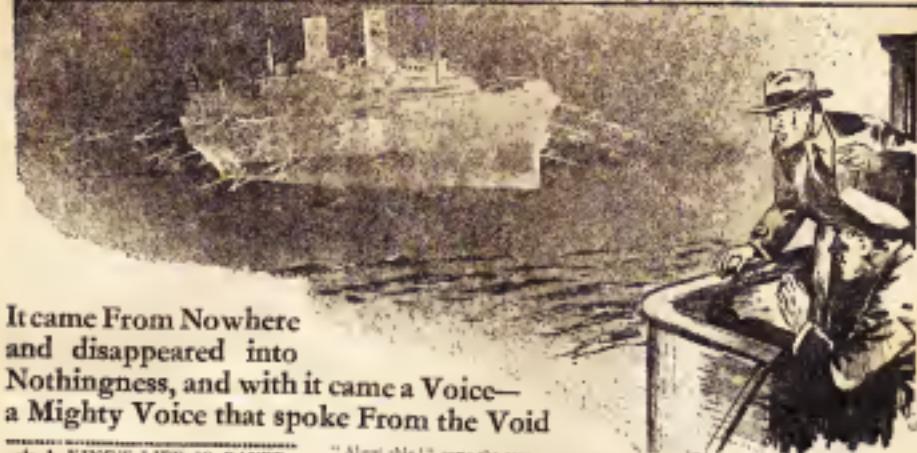
FOG LIGHT

PERHAPS AN INFRARED RAY
LIT UP SO POWERFUL
THAT IT COULD
CONFINE THE FOG IF
PENETRATES.

CAN IT BE DONE?

Thousands of things—many of them a sheer possibility—will await an inventress. For, for instance, could the country suffice at present a year, and more success in dispersing fog, as suggested in our picture, would make a fortune for its inventress. In this time next eighty years we will know some of the things waiting to be invented. Perhaps you may have a balloonist. Perfume can still have to be made.

Voice from the Void



It came From Nowhere and disappeared into Nothingness, and with it came a Voice—a Mighty Voice that spoke From the Void

★ A KING'S LIFE IS SAVED

"THE Phantom Ship?" The Indian was screaming the words as he looked out over the dark water. "In here all alone the Polaris stood to pose and now that which sailed the wind-beaten waters of the wide ocean is never seen again!"

It was a vague and hazy vision, something like a ship in a patch of darkness. In here a girl's fear of something that lived and made the waters as a monster might have ridden them; a hoisted hand, a blotted body, a girl's eye that glared dead white . . .

Even Sam, the skipper, was terrified by the sight of it. The raimentless man could only stand and stare. He tried to speak and could not speak.

Alone in the darkness, shivered round the ship of the whooshing chattering in terror. In the darkness of the forward hatch Sam crawled and crawled.

He was in a dangerous position.

"Known to all his friends as 'That silly old Jumbo,'" he had recently been given a Secret Service job by his uncle, Lord Roosevelt, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

All he had been told was that he had to investigate the mystery of a Phantom Ship which had been seen on the French side of the Atlantic, and some queer talk of a Voice from the Void that stalks out of Nowhere. The only lead he had been given was that he might find something at an inn called the Fighting Fright.

To the Fighting Fright Jumbo had only turned himself, and in a crack, snarly old hole from the Polaris. A fast-acting pain-killer, there was nothing strong with him—except that she served a torpedo joke. This had interested Jumbo, and he had bounded for when she got under way.

He had learned that the Polaris was after a ship with a torpedo long aboard, and then her weird suspicious ways around, that would make Arctic Survey staff!

Under cover of the darkness as the forward hatch he had mentally disposed of the only man on board who knew how to operate the torpedo.

Then had come that mysterious cry of "The Phantom Ship!"

It pointed like, and as he rounded turning he suddenly heard the voice of Sam, the skipper.

"About ship!" came the roar. "But the water was too late. The Polaris was moving fast. Her helmsman was absolutely inexcuseable, frozen stiff with terror, his hands limp on the polished brass of the steering wheel's rim."

The Phantom Ship leaped high, strong, knowing that something terrible was approaching, took a running jump, clutched the edge of the hatch and hauled himself deck-wards in time to meet the dinette full in the face.

Something lashed the Polaris's strong arm like a wall. There was a crack before that lashed the deck had a human besides the iron. He started sideways and crawled, prodding still screaming. Then she cracked again, and kept on crack like a stone.

And as she dropped the voice from the void laughed! Mad, deranged laughter that rang across the half-storied waste of water, the laughter of doom . . .

Jumbo, staggering in the water, found something at his side. It was Adams. He grabbed the little monkey's neck and pulled him towards the back of the iron hatch. Adams got a somewhat painful grip on his hair and clung there, uttering a yell and probably cracking his opinion of the whale affair in inexpressible language—so he had been a monkey's monkey all his life.

The Phantom Ship was swimming off. Jumbo could see its blotted body moving away. It crawled into the darkness and—screamed—it vanished.

It did not sail beyond the far Indian, it could not turn into any backhanded harbor, it could not shelter anywhere. It was now swallowed up by the darkness, it sank beneath the black waters. Jumbo did not know. He only knew that just as it had suddenly appeared from the darkness it did it ship away into that darkness and was visible no more.

And now he was swimming slowly, conserving his strength somewhere on the edge of the great Prince's Channel, with the Gulliver Cloud of him.

He saw, to his right, the red and green of a ship's lights sailing in his direction and he began to shout. Ready to round out what pages of ship she was the sailing ship came down with the wind, leaning to port, her sheets spread like the white wings of a great bird.

Now by him something splashed. He heard a shout, and, suddenly, from the water,

that it was the man in the maw. In their common dragon they had yelled at the tops of their voices, and by all the muscles of shame the Indian in the press of the silent sailing ship put aboard a hand aside of their arms.

She came round on her heel. A searchlight leapt to life and stabbed the darkness, swept this way and that. It forced Jumbo's face with brightness, studded—held . . . A last roar outward, all click and snap. Every helmsman that was dropped. A sailing ship had effected another rescue of one.

Jumbo, Adams and the man in the maw came to the lifting deck of the white ship. Adams, with one look around, leapt to the railings and crawled away to safety.

The man in the maw stood suddenly, glancing round him. Now and again he gave Jumbo a quizzing glance. Jumbo was wondering he could understand.

A smart-looking man stepped forward. He was a sailing officer's audience, and somebody had saluted him and reported to him as a foreign Jumbo did not know.

He was Jumbo now, about thirty-five, quite good looking, just a little hawkish about the eyes and lips. He addressed them both in good English.

"You are favorite, perchance, in the sharp ears of my crew. I suggest that you get before and take all your wet clothes. The soap is being prepared for you. This vessel is the White Lady, bound for London."

Jumbo snarled. He was aware that the man in the maw had stiffened slightly. The White Lady . . . King Kong's ship . . . and still crisp, unadvised men when hard fact was unadvised further . . .

The man in the maw suddenly laughed hysterically. His hand came from his pocket. Jumbo saw the wet sheath of a pistol and blood seeping in a line along the barrel.

He ran in the narrow, twisted deckways, Jumbo snarled with him. They rolled to the end in a sudden and desperate conflict while eyes rolled towards them.

The man in the maw was up. He ran fast in the seaport. He saw two of the Indians, raw with a yard of him and, yelling something unintelligible, he jumped out with.

They didn't find him. They kept about. They swept the water again with their light

A Bald Killer makes a Friendly Call

But the man in the saloon had gone to answer for all his sins.

Jimmy went before, and a king waited with him.

"I owe you my life," said Karl of Kreutz. "I suppose I am persecuted to know what it is all about."

Jimmy gazed up at Adonis, who, having been raised to the cabin, now clung with one hand to a hook and continued a note-chap in the other.

"If you will refer to Lord Broadwater," said Jimmy carefully, "I think he'll tell you. I am his nephew."

The White Lady waited on. She dropped her book in one of the places below London Bridge. King Karl delved into His Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and heard quite a lot of things of which Jimmy was ignorant. When he had heard them he was handed a letter to read. It was from Jimmy to his uncle.

Dear Uncle Bill,

I don't know if I ought to start this letter with "My Lord," seeing that it's an official communication, but what's a little more or less as between you and me, anyhow? Fighting Frogs located.

Look up my last motor-test called Frogs. saw your Phantom Ship. The look at and that sounded very mysterious. I saved a racing car from Karl of Kreutz—but in the night. Still good now. Talking of those experts—out of sight twenty persons still hard at work. Will repeat later. Poverty is the soul of us. Don't forget most of us, will you? Put money on the income tax to pay for it. Think of the value in brains you're getting. Cheers,

Jimmy

King Karl laughed. "A rather extra ordinary young man, he observed.

"Quack," said Lord Broadwater.

It had to be recalled that the newspapers were absolutely silent regarding the whole affair. The *Velocist* had just run out into the darkness of the century and vanished, and nobody said a single word about her fate.

★ DYING MAN'S CLUE

THESE were disturbances in the brain of Bruegmann, the chief of the council of warships, to whom the Voice from the Void had first spoken.

Something had gone wrong somewhere. He knew that the Frogs should have sunk *White Lady*, and he knew the big motor boat had sailed from the Fighting Frogs to do so. The one was silent and silence was not good in a matter of that sort.

Somebody had, as to speak, dropped a spanner into the number machine he had created, and he wanted to find out who that somebody was, and, more, what the Voice from the Void might be.

Bruegmann hastened to come to London, and he took a missionary's name in the great Hotel Magistrate in Piccadilly.

Jimmy, setting off on the shadow trail, was now—though he as yet was unaware of it—matched up against a gigantic and mysterious organization. He carried his life on his back from the moment Bruegmann stepped off the Golden Arrow of Victoria Station and was driven to the Hotel Magistrate in regular fashion.

But Jimmy wasn't surviving. Lord Broadwater had said that something of the mystery might be discovered on the Eastern side of the Thames estuary, so to the Essex side went Jimmy, taking Adonis with him. Adonis had been—attached to Jimmy, and would not leave him, particularly as Jimmy had in many language, "put him on the strength," and rationed him daily with oats and fruit and occasional bits of sugar and sweets.

The official records of this strange affair alone are allowed to tabulate actual place

names and dates, so that in the matter of geography were slight liberty must be taken in this modified chronicle in order to preserve essential accuracy.

Jimmy arrived at the little Essex coast town of Harwich in a motor-car. He borrowed the car from his friend Pongo Jones, who had a lot of money and three cars, and told Jimmy to take which ever he liked.

So Jimmy selected a twenty-horn sprig Lagonda, a reasonably fast machine on the outside of which Pongo had operated in private, so that it emitted a continuous moaning-groan drawn pleasure to the ears of people like Pongo and Jimmy.

A portmanteau very strange place, this Dartmough, standing where the wide and deep marshes meet the sea. It consisted of a cracked street of quaint houses, shops and two more. The pavements were cobble, and old-fashioned gables sagged towards the sky.

Jimmy had taken a furnished cottage. It stood on the shore, above the golden beach and the coarse grass of the marshes, and set on the edge of Dartmough. The cottage had big windows which looked out across the Lagonda.

Jimmy had rented the place by the last night, and did not know how long he might stay there.

He had already spent a day in wandering round and getting himself familiar with the place, and now it was nightfall once more.

**Ask your Newsagent
to deliver
SCOOPS
Every Thursday 2d.**

He was out on the marshes. Somewhere, at least Bruegmann was right, the Great Secret Indeed, the wonderful secret of the Voice from the Void and the Phantom Ship Jimmy had stepped out for heart, stamping, walking, walking, and now he turned back, depressed and cold and a little tired. But he was going, he had lighted the fire in his retreating house, and the cheerful glow glowed here.

He made some ovens, and was cooking egg and bacon when he heard a scraping at the front door. It was low down as though a crawling, living thing scuttled or crawled demand for admittance.

Leaving his egg and bacon, he ran to the door and cautiously opened it, for in this isolated place he was as alone as though he stayed in the middle of the Sahara.

A hand came round the edge of the door, clutching it tightly—a hand with fingers wet and red.

Jimmy stepped, pulling the door wide, watching it from the frantic grasp of those wet fingers, and to his amazement. The man lay prone across the threshold, and in the middle of the bark of his jacket was a glowing star.

Jimmy got him up. He was a roughly dressed fellow, and his face was deathly. The hair that had let him had gone from through him, from back to chest. When Jimmy got him into a chair he was coughing for life again.

The young Beret Berserker was now rushing around trying to find bandages when the man put out a hand.

"Don't . . . matter . . . Get some . . . I know . . . Book out . . . now. After me . . . Baldy . . . See? Baldy . . . Phew . . . Phew . . . am . . . He . . . Sh . . .

He died from the chair, and Jimmy saw his first dead man.

He stood and stared at him, at the unusually twisted shape, the gray and awful

face . . . and the man's words crashed in his understanding as he did so.

Baldy—misnomer, of course, for a nickname which probably meant something. A bald man, a gray-bald who had shot that poor wretch through the back at seven, had shot him from somewhere close, far, under the darkness. And the Phantom Ship. In all control round the Phantom Ship. But, needing this dying man groping through the darkness for any shelter he could find, had brought on his lips a message to Jimmy concerning the Phantom Ship.

Something stood by close—immediately. A doctor and the police had to be summoned. Jimmy managed to pack him up and place him decently covering him with a sheet. He had just finished when there was a knock on his front door.

He stayed for a second, clutching by the dead man, every muscle alert, every nerve at high tension. The knock was repeated.

Jimmy closed the room door and opened the front door. Two men stood there. The foreman was stoical. He was breathing fast as though he had run a great distance, and he wore no hat. There was not a hair on his head.

Baldy!

★ SCREAMS ON THE MARSHES

THE bald man spoke first. He had a high-pitched, gruff voice, with a tone around that was just too incisive.

"I am looking for a friend," he said quietly. His small and beribboned eyes roved restlessly while his lips moved. "A friend. Yes. He had an accident. He was wild over shooting, and—er—a gun went off. He might have come this way."

"Now, while I've been in," said Jimmy.

"At least, nobody has called."

The bald like eyes were still moving. They travelled all over Jimmy. They travelled up and down his door, from the ceiling to the floor of the little entrance passage-way.

"Ah!" Baldy's voice was muffled. "Thank you. I am very sorry you have been troubled." He snatched, and the chuckle was gleeful in Jimmy's ears. "I should almost like a telephone operator, doesn't it? If you will pardon me."

He drew back, and the baldy man who was his companion went with him. Jimmy stood and watched them go down the little path to the marshy grass and let themselves out to the narrow stretch of coarse grass between the trees and the foresthem. He was about to close the door when he looked down.

At his feet, writhing across the step, was a pool of blood from the dead man's wound.

Jimmy closed the door and studied his chair. He remembered Baldy's moving place, the chair with which he had got rid of the man, and a cold shiver ran down his back. He had made a mistake. He should naturally have admitted that the dead man had found him sitting, and he should have pretended ignorance, and some cannot foolishness in order to observe Baldy.

As it was, he had lied, and Baldy would know he had lied; from which Baldy would deduce that the dead man had spoken to Jimmy in such fashion that Jimmy was aware of it with a cold head.

And Baldy, having killed once, would not hesitate to kill again—to ensure all silence.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to get to Duxbridge as quickly as possible. Taking the Lagonda was out of that short distance. He had to make it short, and soon.

The cottage was a double-fronted one, having a small room on either side of its front door, and he crept into the dark room of these two rooms and cautiously locked out. He thought he saw a shadow move near his gate, a big shadow, and he guessed that Baldy's large companion was watching from that side. Baldy would be at the back.

Voice From the Void Accuses a Murderer

He had no intention to turn out all the lights and make a bolt for it, but the extinguishing of the lights would warn them that he intended to make a move. He went back to the frying-pan.

Adams, the monkey, had got hold of the neglected frying-pan and had cleaned it out of eggs and bones, of which he was very fond. He was in a chuckling mood, and he advanced at Jimmy as he passed to the top of a tall old hawthorn, carrying the frying-pan with him.

"You shut up," said Jimmy irritably, "I'll deal with you later."

It was then that he heard something at the door and upon hearing, started to run instinctively within him. He had forgotten to lock the back door.

Baldy stood waiting at him, and in Baldy's hand was a gun.

"You know," said Baldy quietly, "a law never achieves great success. It is always better to deal in the truth. An upright man like myself can assure you, from his experience, that such is the case." His tone changed. "Stand still, you young dog," he hissed, "or I'll blow your life out."

Jimmy shivered. The man's bushy face had become terribly indistinct. His bulldog-like eyes flashed to the sheet, and he ran up with dreadful understanding.

"So he's dead," he breathed. "Dead, eh? Stone dead, like old Marley. Really? And you lied about it?" Again his tone changed. "Why?" "Eh?" "Answer me!"

"Why? What did he say?" "That you had killed him," replied Jimmy quietly, and waited for the first long stab of death, the stinging impact of naked handclenching.

On top of the hawthorn Adams chattered away. Baldy looked up and cursed him. He did it venomously, almost insanely, and he shook his mighty hand at the little monkey. Adams hurried at him, little teeth gleaming with vindictiveness.

"You," Baldy said snarlingly, "and why should you care to join us? Why should he? What do you know about it all?"

Something in Jimmy's brain was working fast. "As much as he did," he replied, "and probably more than you. The Phantom Ship—and all that . . ."

Baldy a grew wilder. Adams issued a stream of monkey language, and Baldy yelled at him again and shook his fist as though he would strike him about and over a corner of the hawthorn and clang with one hand.

Baldy spoke to Jimmy once more. "I see. All in the dear delightful moon together! How charming! And now we will have a talk." The gun lifted. "I will give you five seconds in which to start telling me all you know if you don't speak—you'll be dead for ever. Out with it!"

He began to speak in an even voice, the gun as steady as a rock.

"One! Two! Three!"

And then Adams did something he was very fond of doing, particularly to people he did not like.

He threw the frying-pan straight at Baldy's face!

It hit the man between the eyes. He yelled at the top of his voice and went backwards, his gun clattering like thunder in the exploded spire of the roses.

Adams, having exercised this deed of vengeance, said: "He took one leap from the hawthorn to the top of the open door, and another leap from there into the darkness of the prairie beyond."

Baldy was on the floor, shouting and shouting, bitterly twisted, and with two black eyes prominent before morning. Jimmy was certain he was not red, blushing crimson, and was worrying about Adams, who he guessed could not good care of himself.

There was a crashing at the front door, and the sound of a man yelling. Baldy's expression had heard the shouting and the shouting and was trying to get in.

Jimmy, however, was no longer at home to

call him. He was closing his way across the hawthorn, driving out through the back door which Baldy had left open and finding James in the unlighted air of the darkness.

He settled down to run. He struck the woods and which skirted the sun and ran northwards, right along the marsh edge, and he believed along it in the direction of Bear Creek for all he was worth.

He was the only companion of a great white light behind him, coming on fast—the headlights of a car. He guessed. They would great him to Baldy and his companion, of whom two desperadoes were up and out after him. On either side of the road was a deep dyke, so that it was impossible to turn off.

The car began to reverse along the road in the direction of the cottage.

Nobody spoke. The driver, a gigantic man, reached in a big double-breasted blazer, handled the machine shoddily, keeping it straight so the engine ran well but could swing back and make the short run towards Jimmy's cottage.

As the lights made a wide arc around across the marshy bogs men broke from the cottage and began to spread through the darkness at the grass above the doorway. The lights picked them up and held them, following them inexorably as the car's head was slowly turned.

They were Baldy and his companion, Indians, stricken, running for their lives.



Chattering in high glee, the monkey buried the frying-pan straight at Baldy's face. The killer fell backwards, his gun crashing out.

The lights held him, and he realized that his only hope was to stop the car and ask for a lift over the sheet hell-side distance to the village.

Accordingly he naked Baldy and his friend being easy enough to shoot at him and he stood in the middle of the road and waved his arms.

The car came to a grinding standstill. It was a very big sheet machine, dark in colour, and its engine barked powerfully.

A voice snapped at him: "What do you want?"

Jimmy gasped: "Murderer." At that retortingly cottage—over there. A man's been shot. The murderer may still be there. A man with a bad hand . . . Look out for him."

He heard a startled exclamation. A voice came to him from the car's interior:

"Get in! Begin to drive. Bound, Bound, Bound!"

And in the silence, broken only by the throb of the engine, the Voice from the Void raised to them both.

"Baldy! Baldy! Baldy! I know you! I know you, Baldy! A life for a life! To be brought by the neck until you are dead . . . Baldy!"

Baldy screamed and ran on, covering his ears with his hands, trying to shut out that great and awful cry.

But the Voice from the Void pursued him around the cottage, pursued him and held him, and yelled its message of doom through the fogger with which he tried to stop it.

And Jimmy sat alone beside the driver of the big car and told himself that here was mystery indeed, mystery piled high across a dead man's grey face.

Who is Baldy—the terrible killer? What does he know of the Phantom Ship and the Voice from the Void? Mystery piled on mystery in this dreadful. Don't you want world's exciting entertainment.

Sheer PERSONALITY



"Queen Elizabeth" snatched up the lesson and waved it round her hand like a scapite. "He, valets and gentlemen of the Court," she cried, "come in and see him!"

★ MASTER—OR CLOWN?

THE strange history of Professor Dingle's research into the secrets of personality began with a lecture he delivered before a scientific society of which he was a member.

"Nothing is ever really destroyed," he noted. "We can simply break it up, or change its form by the action of fire or other methods. For instance, every particle of a burnt-out candle still exists in the form of carbon, melted grease, and goes floating in the atmosphere."

"Agreed," said his listeners rather ingenuously. But when the Professor went on to argue that the same thing was true of human personality there were loud cries of dissent. Despite these, however, he firmly stuck to his ground.

"It's logic, and it's true!" he shouted. "If matter is indestructible the same thing must be true of personality, which is merely the product of matter brought together in form the tissues of a human body and brain. And, moreover, in the end, the mighty personalities of the past must still exist in the same way as the gases of the burnt-out candle still exist in the atmosphere!"

"Hohoh!"

"Hohoh!"

Professor Dingle glared at the two principal interlocutors among his distinguished audience. They were Sir James Lloyd, leader of His Majesty's Opposition in Parliament, and Mr. Henry Hawks, K.C., a famous lawyer.

"And here," he continued hotly, "we have a scientific explanation for the widespread belief in ghosts. Very often these ghostly articles which have been owned by wise human men or women. And why?"

Because, in some way, these articles have absorbed some of the personality of their former owners.

"I go further and say that which suddenly, suddenly vanishes, would not be a dangerous party for the preservation of the complete personality—

His distinguished audience refused to listen to any more. A ripple of derisive laughter and chattering and stamping of feet made it impossible for him to get in another word.

"The man's mad," said Mr. Henry Hawks, K.C.

"Absolutely talking through his hat," agreed the famous politician.

Professor Dingle glared at them more fiercely than ever.

"Very well," he said quietly. "One day I will press to you both that I am right. And six months later be re-enforced from a latent life existence in his laboratory after fully rubbing his hands."

Such had happened during those six months. There had been a general election; Sir Llewellyn Lloyd was now Prime Minister. And just recently Mr. Henry Hawks, K.C., had been made a judge.

"Set! I'll show them just the same," Professor Dingle told himself.

At first sight what he had found didn't seem to amount to very much. It looked like a tiny cluster of rocks, made of a soft, lead-like metal. Inside the metal rock, however, was a highly concentrated radioactive substance.

This immensely excited mysterious and invisible rays of enormous range and power, and was potentially everlasting. The lead-like metal of which the rock was made was the only substance the Professor had discovered which the rays could not penetrate. That had been his chief difficulty—to find a method of keeping the mysterious rays under his complete control. But now he could release or shut off the rays at will.

IN his experiments in the higher realms of Science Professor Dingle went too far. When he planted the personality of a comic singer in the Prime Minister, and made Napoleon live again in his own person he made a tragic mistake.

by means of a switch button operating a small shaker over the mouth of the ribs.

And the doctor who laughed at me will certainly laugh on the other side of their faces when I tell them—

The Professor's pleasant anticipation was interrupted by the appearance of a large, undiluted lady bearing a soap and bucket of hot water. She was the maid who called it "dread" the two small living rooms attached to his laboratory every evening.

"Looch, sir," was her greeting. "You are all right again? You'll be woken first self into a shower if you can't manage."

In the ordinary way the Professor did not live on the premises. He slept and had his meals, when he had time for sup, at his club nearby.

"There won't be any noise of it, Mrs. Myness," he assured. "I have made my great discovery."

"Looch, isn't that fine?" beamed Mrs. Myness in her turn.

"Ten, dear lady, in me you behold the first and Master of Men! However, with my assistance, the struggling young playwright will be able to pull apart the mighty personality of Shakespeare, the young novelist, the master pen of Charles Dickens; the young savant—

"Looch, sir," cried Mrs. Myness, beginning to look at her visitor admiringly, "what on earth are we talking about?"

Professor Dingle shook his head with an amazed smile.

"Like all the others, Mrs. Myness, you demand proof before you will believe," he chuckled. "And why shouldn't you have it right here and now?"

Relaxed delightedly Mrs. Myness laid down her bucket of water while he darted into his laboratory. He came back with an old fashioned pull of fire hoses, such as was worn round the neck by both sexes during the 18th century.

"This," he continued impishly, "was once the personal property of the great Queen Elizabeth. Kindly put it on, Mrs. Myness, and send yourself upstairs in that chair."

Mrs. Myness had had some previous experience of her long little ways. Besides, she was glad of the chance to sit down to rest.

"Very well, sir," she giggled. "But I hope you don't want me to go along to see them there fancy dress balls or soirees."

"Nothing like that, Mrs. Myness. I assure you," said the Professor, helping her to adjust the ruff. "Immediately I am satisfied that the ruffian is a success, I will switch off and be going in an instant."

The maid hadn't the slightest idea of what he was really getting at. Dressed off with the old fashioned red cap for a vague notion that the Professor probably wanted to take her photograph with some new kind of camera.

"And then we're really belonging to a great Queen?" she asked.

"The very greatest England ever had," Professor Dingle assured her. "It is not several articles were owned by famous people which I have secured for my experiments."

Charwoman "Queen" Runs Amok!

He went on to explain that when such articles were of metal they could be powerfully magnetized in themselves to act as a kind of magnet for the mysterious personality reviving rays. In the case of the roll, however, it had been necessary for him to engrave a picture of her and convert it into one of the pleated French folds of the roll.

Needless to say, all this regarded double Dutch to Mrs. Moxon, who still clung to the vague idea that she was going to have her photograph taken.

The roll clung to it as the folded her hands in an ample lap, and leaned at the Professor over the roll, with her best sounds magnified.

"All ready, sir," she remarked in an effort to have her hand unfastened.

"Right!" said the Professor, picking up his mysterious ray tube. He was trembling with excitement. At long last he was on the verge of proving whether or not his amazing theory would work out in practice.

He forced himself to press the button, and the tiny hot spring shutter came up with a click.

★ "QUEEN ELIZABETH" BEFORE THE BEAK

With perhaps two seconds nothing appeared to happen. Then a strange, violet glow collected around the magnetized wire coiled in the folds of the roll.

"It is controlling the personality-collecting rays," gasped the Professor. Even as he looked, the violet glow spread over the whole substance of the roll. And then, in some weird fashion, it seemed to draw itself into Mrs. Moxon's ample body.

Instantly a startling change came over that good lady's attitude. The rather withered and disappared life magic from her bosom, red face. It was succeeded by a proud and imperious look. At the same time her bosom feathers seemed to sharpen into the haughty expression of now born to command, and she sat upright in her chair as if it were a throne.

"How you!" she demanded, looking around drunkenly at the hostile furnishings of Professor Dingle's room. "How come we to this strange and sorry place?"

"It's quite all right, your Majesty," quoth the Professor, quivering with excitement at the ridiculous success of his first experiment. "Undoubtedly," he added to himself, "it is the personality of the great Elizabeth herself speaking through the living body of Mrs. Moxon!"

"All right, Elizabeth!" snapped the strongly-changed charwoman. "What strange words are these to say to our princess! And who art thou?"

"A humble man of learning, your Majesty," answered the Professor.

"And why wear such such strange garments?"

She was looking very seriously at the Professor's trousers.

"Where are the well-fitting trousers and hose essential for our Queen?"

"They went out of date several centuries ago, your Majesty. You see, times have changed—"

Professor Dingle's vain effort at explanation was broken off by "Elizabeth" sweeping to her feet, her eyes flashing with anger.

"Also, I have it!" she cried. "They are a wimp who has brought us here by black magic. But we have the Tower and slide for such as them!"

She waddled up the stairs which leaned against her chair and waved it round her head like a sceptre.

"Ha, valiant and gallant of the Court, come in and serve him!" she shouted at the top of her voice.

This surprised the Professor that it was high time to search off. He actually lifted the ray tube from the table in alarm. Unconsciously, at the same moment, "Elizabeth" was uninterested at getting no answer to her

questions. She swept round towards the door in a tearing rage, and the head of her broom "scrept" knocked the ray tube from the Professor's hand.

"Just a minute, your Majesty," he gasped, "just a minute!" as he made a frantic grab at it rolling beyond his reach over the edge of the table. But Her Majesty wasn't listening to anything like that.

Still shouting furiously for her Court attendants, and threatening them with all kinds of punishment for their delay, she stampeded out of the room, along the corridor, and down the stairway leading to the street door.

Meanwhile, Professor Dingle was down on his hands and knees frantically searching for the ray tube. It had entirely disappeared. He crawled and peered over every inch of the floor without seeing it anywhere.

"This is terrible," he moaned. "Unless I can find it and switch it off she will land herself into trouble!" And he proved himself a true prophet. In spite of his best efforts, nearly twenty minutes went by before he recovered the tube.

As a matter of fact, it had fallen into Mrs. Moxon's pocket of water. The Professor only found it when he accidentally kicked the basket over and slopped the water all over his drooping trousers.

However, he was only too thankful to grab it and frantically switch off.

"Now, I wonder what's happened to Mrs. Moxon?" he gasped. He didn't have long to wait for an answer. He was hurriedly slinging his trousers to go out and search for her, when the telephone bell rang. He was informed by the Sergeant of the nearest police-station that Mrs. Moxon had been arrested for being drunk and disorderly in the street.

"But it's all a mistake," gasped the horrified Professor.

"I don't think there's much doubt about it, sir," checked the Sergeant. "She was running that she was Queen Elizabeth, and only seemed to come to herself when we were driving her to the station in a police van—"

"Just when I reached off the rays," mentioned the Professor.

"What's that, sir?" asked the Sergeant sharply.

"Nothing, nothing at all, Sergeant," the tall subject hurriedly assured him. "What happened next?"

"She gave us your name and address, sir, and asked us to get this couch with you."

"Very good, Sergeant. I'll come along and tell her our thanks kindly."

But the policeman advised him against this.

"Better leave her here for the night now, sir," was his advice. "The doctor has been given her something, and she's sleeping it off quite peacefully. Far better to come along in the morning, pay her fine and get her out straight away."

Professor Dingle accepted this counsel, and still muttering fitfully presented himself at the magistrate's court. Here he found Mrs. Moxon in the dock peacefully pertaining that. "She's what's so much as looked at a drop!" But the evidence was apparently dead against her. An elderly constable with a drooping mustache witnessed it up there—

"I was on point duty, sir, when I saw this prancer come along suspended by a cord which was bright and jewel at her. Who was wearing a fancy thing around her neck, and making' a noise with a brass bell. She was shouting out strange words, 'Assass, how noble!' or something like that, sir," snarled she'd 've them all clapped in the



Professor Dingle thrust a hand into his coat in Napoleonic attire. "Woman," he thundered in French, "I will to Paris to rescue the Old Guard and set our on a fresh conquest of the world!"

"Charles Peace" Delivers His Verdict!

stocks and 'toss their ears dropped. And then she got up to me. She wanted to know if I was the witness, and, if so, where was my proper uniform? And where was my pipe to present arms to her?

"And then she wanted me to call her state coach, and spread out my cage for her to cross the stately street in the same as 'we have Bologna' old does—"

"Then what do? Charge proved," snapped the stern-faced magistrate. "Have you anything to say, my good woman?"

"Help! I don't remember a thing about it, your Honour," timidly protested Mrs. Moxon. "The last thing I remember is—solo!" Professor Dringle's room ready to "say my goodbyes" book.

"Ten shillings in seven days," replied the magistrate.

So that was that. Professor Dringle paid the far shakily enough, and presented Mrs. Moxon with an extra pound in addition.

"On the whole," he told himself, "the last experiment was quite a success, and proves my theory up to the hilt."

And this led to his second and much more difficult experiment of proving it to Mr. Justice Steele in open court.

JUDGE CHARLIE PEACE

THE way the Professor set about his second experiment in the court of public opinion was beautifully simple.

Among the visitors of various wrecks he had collected was a small steel bangle tool once owned by the notorious criminal, Charlie Peace. That same night he "emerged" the tool to make it a collecting point for his personality-moving rays.

"Now he went along to the scientific club, where the ratio posed and arrogant Judge still spent an annual evening. The Judge was an erudite paper-eater, and the little Professor was bold enough to encounter him in the smoke room.

"Aha," was his rather condescending greeting, "still clutching that ridiculous bangle to your breast, ghost of the Devil of Infamy, eh?"

"I am," said the little Professor wittily. "And every man now I may be prone to you and Sir Justice that it isn't as ridiculous after all."

"He is," laughed the Judge. "Why there are the slightest shades of you regarding that!"

Professor Dringle only smiled, and proceeded to borrow the Judge's expensive tobacco-pouch to fill his own pipe. And when the pouch was passed back, Charlie Peace's little tool reposed snugly under the tobacco room.

Next day the Professor entered the public gallery of the High Court preceded over by Mr. Justice Steele. He had his ray tube, with the thick shelter safely closed, in his pocket.

He was just in time to hear the jury returning a verdict at "Guilty," against a notorious old bangle. And then a detective rumbled off a long list of previous convictions.

"There is only one thing in the prisoner's favor, my lad," he concluded. "Although he was carrying a loaded revolver at the time of his arrest, the accused made no attempt to use it."

The Judge surveyed stably at the low-browed, chinless-looking man in the dock.

"Have you anything to say before I pass an exemplary sentence on you?" he demanded.

"Don't be too hard on me, guv'nor," whined the bangle. "I never had a chance."

It was then that Professor Dringle released the shelter of his ray tube. For a moment nothing seemed to happen, and he wondered if, by any chance, the Judge hadn't brought his tobacco-pouch into court. And then there came a momentary violet glow in the neighbourhood of the judge's pocket, which penetrated even the flooring tiles. It blazed all over the Judge's body yet disappeared so

swiftly that only Professor Dringle's staring eyes noticed it.

But it made a remarkable change in Judge Steele's appearance. His attire, once featureless, brightened up suddenly at the jaw and forehead. And then he sat, grinning wider than the living stage at Justice Peace!

He leered across at the grinning prisoner in the dock.

"Never had a chance, boy?" he grunted in a harsh, snarling voice that made everybody in court sit up and take notice. "So you're the Devil's whippet, spindly-arsed, that's trying to follow in me footsteps!"

The prisoner, cowed, abashed and evidently also slightly giddy at last. But such was then training that a judge could do no wrong, they made no effort to interfere.

"Feller in your frontings, me lad?" quipped the bangle.

"That's wet I wish, public," leered the strangely-changed Judge Steele. "An' a fiver and you need to be walking at it." "An' a loaded shotgun in your pocket and didn't see any in your pocket the powder that took you?" He said, "he, that's a bit of a canary, that is—ain't it never had a chance?"

The prisoner and Professor Dringle were the only ones who weren't struck dumb and frozen in those places in horrified amazement. A smothering glow of huge rage rose into the bangle's visage face.

MYSTERIES of SPACE

Revealed in a Special Article

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"If there's one view, me lad," he whined confidentially. "mabbe you're gonna let me off? I promise you I won't take the chance to not see another again."

But Charlie Peace was having none of that.

"You 'ad your chance, an' you missed it," he snapped. "I'm giving you a stiff stretch out for not see that last for what you didn't do. Ten years' penal for bear's a disgrace to me old profession."

It was then that the court officials began to come in started off. At the same time Professor Dringle decided it was time to conclude his second experiment. He closed the shelter of his ray tube, and stood unobtrusively out of court.

The Judge might be glancing over a full account of Judge Hawke's strange creation in the evening papers. The Judge had remained in court persistently in a very weak state with no indication of what he had said and done while under the influence of Charlie Peace. His doctors concluded that it was all due to a nervous headache owing to overwork.

On that advice he was going away to the South of France for a long holiday.

Professor Dringle carefully cut out the lengthy newspaper reports.

"Well, well," he chuckled, "even yet, the doctor don't suggest a thing. But I must beg the to show it to Hawke when I am ready to prove to him and everybody else who laughed at me what really happened."

"But, not yet," he concluded, gleefully rubbing his hands. "I must carry out one more amazing experiment on the London Lord, the Prince, to prove that I am indeed Master of the Mind!"

Professor Dringle got his magnifying glass and went about his business from a position he overlooked in the neighbourhood of his club.

Some of the members were discussing the political situation.

"I see the Prince Minister is addressing the House to-morrow on unemployment,

launched a retired Colonel. "But it won't do any good. It would need somebody with the brains and personality of a Napoleon to make it."

Needless to say, that was the Professor's inspiration.

If the personality of Napoleon is all the Prince Minister needs, "he decided to have self," he shall certainly have it."

He went straight to a famous jeweller shop on Regent Street which specializes in historic relics of the great. Here he purchased, at a very stiff price, a small gold snuffbox which, he was confidently assured, had once been owned by the famous French Emperor.

He took it back to his laboratory and "engraved" it sufficiently for the reception of the personality says. His next problem was to get the snuffbox into the hands of the Prime Minister and to ensure that he would take it into Parliament and to him.

But Professor Dringle had already thought of that before he bought the snuffbox. He knew that Mr. Justice Steele was an ardent collector of such relics. He therefore sent the box to Downing Street by special care messenger. Steele was a extremely wealthy吐司. "An Ambassador," he stated that the snuffbox was a gift of appreciation to be added to the Prince Minister's collection. All that. An Ambassador asked to return the gift by carrying it in his pocket for a few days.

The request was a sheer bit of St. Lazarus's carry and concealed character. He was only too delighted to carry out such a simple condition to evade such an expensive trousseau.

And next day, the snuffbox duly reposed in his pocket when he rose to address Parliament.

The speech was well under way before Professor Dringle managed to seize this time to the crowded Bennington's Gallery. He was fortunate, however, in arriving a good while in the front which gave him a good view of the Press Box. The Prince Minister was holding the attention of the House in his usual imperious style.

"And now," he boomed in his vibrant, spell-binding voice, "I come to the question of the nation's unemployment in the Fishing Industry."

He made an imperious pause while he consulted his notes.

This gave Professor Dringle an opportunity to reflect that Unemployment in the Fishing Industry was quite as deserving a subject as any other for the benefit of Napoleon's personality. He flicked open the shelter of his ray tube.

"Yes," murmured the Prince Minister in his best style, "in my opinion there is only one solution to remedy the present deplorable state of affairs, and that is—"

It was at that moment that Professor Dringle's excited eyes caught the flash of the new fashion violet glow emanating from the Prince Minister's pocket. But the Uncle was due for almost as big a shock as any body else.

The Prince Minister's personality changed all right, but it certainly wasn't into that of Napoleon. Instead he appeared to figure meekly to shrink into about half its usual height and became slightly bow-legged. His voice, though expression was uncoloured by normal emotion, became tremulous.

"Oh, er?" he stammered, jolting up from his notes with a wide, ridiculous grin to cover the creased features all round his face. "What's this supposed to be, hoy? Smoking parent her?" Well, you don't look as too happy about it. I must do something to cheer you up."

He took another look at his notes and scratched his head in a very strained fashion.

"But what's all that?" he continued in a high jubilant voice. "Unemployment in the Fishing Industry—only solution. In passed Consumption—pretty rotten line—"

(This story is continued on page 21)

THE STRIDING TERROR



A Fifty-Foot Man Loose in London

★ THE TERROR MAKES FOR LONDON

A GREAT scare was sweeping over the British Isles. In the south something the press was griping the people.

Messages were racing through the wires carrying placards bearing the words "The Striding Terror" in large black letters, and the papers were selling hot copies.

It seemed that during the afternoon a strange sight had been seen in France. The newspaper reported that it was a man at least fifty feet in height—nearly twice the size of any ordinary man.

A troop of French cavalry had tried to run him down, but the huge figure had managed to get away. He had grasped a heavy chain slung between two powerful serpents and these serpents had snared the life out of him.

And the French authorities had been informed that the "giant" caused British identification marks.

"This giant man is evidently coming to England," declared the newspaper. "No body knows who he is or from whence he has come. All people living on the South Coast are advised to remain within doors until the coming of daylight."

Later the same evening the newspaper came out with a further note of news.

THE STRIDING TERROR BELIEVED DROWNED IN CHANNEL

According to the newspaper account the two "giants" carrying the huge figure had been seen to disappear into the English Channel.

Wreckage of one of the "planes" had been picked up by a passing vessel. The large chain on which the giant figure had been hanging was still attached to the "plane."

People began to grow a little doubtful then.

"Just a short time ago we," they said, "If there was anything it would have been some kind of optical illusion."

But the Striding Terror was an actual fact—and he had not been drowned in the Channel.

The notion of his coming to England was strange in the extreme. Two young round-the-world flyers, Jack Sharpe and Frank Cooper, had landed on a small island unknown where off the West Coast of Africa.

Here they had discovered an enormous building. Then they had the surprising experience of encountering a man fifty feet in height.

The Human King Kong had confounded them, and in their utter amazement they had discovered that he was an Englishman and spoke cultured English.

He had told them his history, explaining that his father had been the famous mountaineer John Deaderick. When he had been born he had been a small, strong child and had shown every sign of growing up to be a waddler.

John Deaderick, anxious that his son should grow up a waddler to him, had called several to his aid. He had experimented on the Primary Guard of the boy.

Nothing happened until young Deaderick was



ten years of age; then the experiment began to take effect. The boy grew at an alarming rate. Deaderick tried to stop the rapid growth, and realizing that his son was fast becoming a Frankenstein, John Deaderick had taken him in a small boat on the coast of Africa.

Here the boy had continued to grow, and now he was a man fifty feet in height. His father had educated him and in death a short time before.

Then the Striding Terror had sprung his trap. He had snatched on the two girls taking him to England. He had told them that he was homeless—that he wanted to go to his home country.

They had been forced to obey, and the Striding Terror had trudged from the ship on the heavy chain drag between the two serpents.

They had come down in British bottoms of port, and that had also accounted for the Striding Terror had been seen by the French people.

The giant giant had obtained fresh supplies of petrol, but that had also accounted for when the "planes" were flying high over the Channel.

They had snatched into the sea, left the Striding Terror, picking the serpents on his shoulders, and swam ashore. He had climbed the cliffs on the English Coast at pitch darkness, and as the top of the cliff the Striding Terror and the two aviators had spent the night.

By this time both Jack Sharpe and Frank Cooper had lost their fear of the huge giant, and they had given him their word of honor that they would not try to escape during the night.

Deaderick woke the Striding Terror. Pushing

Another Long Complete Story

himself into a sitting position he stared all around. They seemed to have landed on a very desolate tract of coast; not a house or hut was to be seen anywhere.

The Striding Terror's abrupt movement had awakened the two aviators, and he looked down at them.

"So this is England," he snarled. "I've actually got back at last."

They nodded.

"What do we do now?" queried Frank Cooper. His voice sounded a dreadful thin trill compared with the deep tones of the Striding Terror.

"We must eat first of all," replied the giant man.

"How?" demanded Jack Harvey.

The Striding Terror snarled. From out of his skin suddenly he took a small box.

It looked like a medicine box except, of course, that it was nine times normal size.

Out of the box the giant took a large tablet.

"This tablet," he said, "contains enough nourishment to keep us going for nearly four hours. I suggest that you each break off a tiny piece. You will find it quite palatable, and you will lose your hunger immediately."

The aviators took two very small pieces from his huge palm, and, as the Striding Terror had said, they found the nourishing food quite good. Almost immediately they had the sensation of having eaten well.

The Striding Terror stood up and stretched himself. He was naked except for the bandit, and as he stood there on the cliff top he looked a nightmarish figure indeed.

Suddently stooping down, he carefully blindfolded Jack Harvey and Frank Cooper and placed them on his shoulders.

"And now," he snarled, "if you will please out the way we will make for London."

He commenced to stride inland. Each pace he took covered fully nine yards and his naked feet left tremendous impressions in the soft ground of the British Isles.

What sort of welcome would London give the Striding Terror?

★ THE TERROR CAPTURES THE TIGERS

THE Striding Terror had landed on the South Coast about seventy miles from London. As an ordinary man the aviators would have been something of an oddity taking as a ride, but to the Striding Terror, with a step over twice that of an ordinary individual, the seventy miles appeared no longer than eight.

"I'm counting on you to direct me," he told his two passengers. "If I keep on in this direction I ought to come somewhere near London."

It was a strange experience for the two aviators. They were being carried along at quite a speed, and the weight of the Striding Terror's shoulder gave them both a feeling almost of sickness.

They came to a narrow roadway, but the Striding Terror made no attempt to walk along it. It was too easy for him to go straight forward over the field.

Once a burly wild stag burst his way. He calmly stepped over it.

In front of him now was a long belt of

The Striding Terror Brings 'em Back Alive

ring ground. The Terror began to mount the steps.

Reaching the top he stood for a moment gazing all round. Beyond him was the rolling sweep of the Downs. He could see for a tremendous distance in the clear morning light, and far to the north-east he noticed a hawking hawk and decided it was London. He headed on this direction.

The sloping ground below was well wooded, and as the Striding Terror was forced to park his way carefully.

In the valley below, hedges down but gone by the time, was a main road, and along the road a postman was slowly making his way. It was headed by a traction engine to which a large number of vans were attached. Each van bore the sign—SAV-YEE'S MAMMOTH CARRIERS.

From the cloud van behind the traction engine came an enormous growl. It was evident that in these vans wild animals were stabled.

The driver of the traction engine, who had been driving since about half past midnight, was taking his ease. He was propped comfortably in his seat, just holding his steering wheel lightly with one hand. His fingers on the other side of the engine, were almost asleep.

From the woods to the right of him and down came a great crashing sound.

The driver blanched.

"Sounds like a tiger coming along," he thought. "Everybody's scared work early this morning."

Then an enormous shadow fell across the roadway in front of him.

Next moment, along the top of the trees, came an enormous foot. It settled down just twenty yards in front of the slowly moving traction engine, and then another huge foot quickly followed it. The Striding Terror was standing in the roadway, almost completely blocking it.

A terror escaped the lips of the driver of the traction engine. He spun his wheel and

then, with a wild yell, plunged into the bushes.

He went driving through the hedge. He was in another set of circumstances, gazing as he saw the tremendous figure in front of him. Then, like the driver, he also shouted. Without making any attempt to stop the traction engine, he went careering along the roadway to follow his companion through the hedge.

It all happened in a flash. The driver, in spinning his wheel before plunging clear, had turned the traction engine towards the left-hand side of the road where there was a low embankment. Below it the ground shifted slightly away for nearly fifty yards or so.

Straight towards the embankment drove the engine. Its front wheels gripped and compressed the hedge. Even before the Striding Terror had realised what was happening the traction engine had gone over the embankment, pulling the line of hedge with it.

Altogether, four of them mounted the embankment. In some instances, says the traction engine had managed to keep on its wheels as it thundered down the steep bank, but the mass were not so fortunate.

No sooner were they over the embankment than they waved their tails, this or two of them unscrupulously eight over.

Immediately there came a screeching of woodwork and a rattling of steel girder.

The engine crashed into a tree at the bottom and came to a stop. Behind it the scattered vans piled up.

But now the air was full of dogs, ravaging roars—terrible roars of anger and terror.

Then from the snarled cage brown, savous fangs were baring. They were savous who no sooner felt the grass under their feet than they were straining off in every direction. In a moment it seemed that at least a dozen fully grown lions and tigers were at large.

Jack Harvey and Frank Cooper, perched on the Taxis's shoulder, stared at the scene in horror.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Jack Harvey. "We've got to do something. If these savous are allowed to go free they'll terrorise the whole of the countryside. Goodness only knows what damage they'll do."

Behind the line of wild animal cages had been the rest of the circus caravan. They had all pulled up sharply, but on top of all came from any of them. It was clear that the savous had seen the Striding Terror and that they were keeping out of sight.

From his great height the Striding Terror looked down upon the running animals.

"Don't worry," he boomed, "I'll attend to them."

He lifted the two savous from his shoulders and placed them on the branches of a tall tree by the roadside. Then, with great leaping strides, he went down to the scene of the disaster.

Only one of the cages was snarled beyond repair, and the Striding Terror's first move was to right the others. Taking hold of the twisted bars he hauled them back into shape. Then he gazed round him.

A number of the animals had gone into a nearby field, snarling at by jumping a thorn-berry gate. That particular field, however, was surrounded by a very high hedge, and it seemed that for the moment the animals were unharmed. But others had escaped amongst the trees, and it was these the Striding Terror went after first.

His tremendous height gave him a great range of vision, and soon he picked out the large savous. To him, of course, they appeared no bigger than mere kittens.

Amongst the trees he went striding. Suddenly he stopped, and a tremendous roaring filled the air.

The two savous in the tree saw the Striding Terror lift his arm. His huge hand was gripping a powerful lion by the neck. He was holding the snarling, snarling animal as easily as though it had been a kitten.

Carrying the lion, he went striding forward. Once again he stopped, and this time a tremendous snarling vibrated over the country-side.

As the Taxis straightened himself the two savous saw that his other hand was holding a large tiger by the scruff of the neck.

Back to the cage went the Striding Terror. He picked both tiger and lion aside, closed the door, and then went in search of the other snarling animals.

For half an hour he worked, sometimes leaping into a tree. Then the watchers gaped in amazement. As his hate to catch the animals, the Striding Terror was unable to reach where he placed his huge feet. Several times he had right in the centre of a hedge-row and left a tremendous gap by his hand. Once his foot came down heavily on the branches of a tree, and the tree seemed to snap up beneath his weight.

He returned successfully from each foray carrying a snarling, snarling animal in each hand. He pushed them back into the cage that he had prepared.

Only the savous in the big field were left now.

Up to the tree Frank Cooper and Jack Harvey hoisted one of the savous.

"Eggs!" said Jack. "I don't know what you think, but I've had enough of this fellow's company. He seems determined to stick to us, and I'm bound if I want to spend the rest of my time being snarled round on a giant's shoulder. Besides, people will be wondering what on earth has happened to me. We've got to get back to Headquarters as quickly as possible and let them know what's happened to the savous. I think that's our chance to make a bolt for it."

"But we can't," protested Frank Cooper. "We'll be able to run us down in a couple of minutes."

Jack shook his head.

"I don't suggest running for it," he retorted. "If we sit into the woods we ought to be able to hide in the undergrowth. He won't be able to find us, and when he's

RADIO PEN writes in LETTERS OF FIRE

The operator writes—and on a distant screen appears a fiery trail of letters.

A beam of electrons speeds between two sets of metal plates in the base of the table, and varying the voltage on the plates the beam can be moved and bent in any direction.

The stylus pencil of the transmitter is connected to a sliding pivot which can move in any direction to form the most complicated forms.



letters or figures, and this pivot is turn controlled two curved resistances connected to the two sets of deflecting plates. The pivot, therefore, varies the voltage on the plates as it moves backwards and forwards, upwards and downwards.

This changing voltage is duplicated on the receiver, and the speeding beam of electrons, moved and bent by the deflecting plates, flashes to the phosphorescent screen in a green spot, and in a manner about it leaves a key trail of letters.



ONE of the latest wonders of science is the Cathode-ray Pen—a radio pen that writes in letters of fire on a distant screen.

The operator writes a message with a pencil-shaped stylus fitted to a small black box, and away in the distance a word green spot traces out on a small screen the letters or figures he has written. The words can be formed before the first word begins to fade.

The instrument is known as the "Cathode-ray autograph," and was recently used to open an exhibition in New York. It is the invention of Allen B. Duluth, an American scientist.

Imagine its possibilities. Messages over long distances can be sent by "seen" instead of "heard." Fitted in ships, expert radio operators will be unnecessary. A distant signal could be written and sent out by the cable boy!

The radio pen could be used in planes to replace cumbersome cameras and microphones. The police could use it to send out coded messages to their speeding squad cars. The radio pen might do away with many tape-machines in offices, deliver instructions to artists in broadcasting and cinema studios where silence is essential.

And how does it work?

Simply by means of a special type of cathode-ray tube with a phosphorescent screen or target.

The Man-Mountain Makes for London

given up searching we can get away. We've got to escape somehow, for London might be scared of his coming."

They now saw that the Shrieking Terror had driven the wild animals in the field into a corner. His long horns seemed to have terrified the animals, for they were all huddled together in a snarling heap. It was evident that the giant would have no difficulty in picking them up and carrying them back to the cages.

The two animals slumped down out of the tree and made their way into the woods. There they started for the densest clump of undergrowth and went to earth.

Having replaced the last of the animals, the Shrieking Terror counted them. Then, walking a little way up the hillside, he suddenly turned forward. By so doing his great head just appeared above the few stragglers left at the roadside. The Shrieking Terror was beside the stationary line of circus caravans.

"I don't intend to harm any of you," he snarled, and his voice must have carried for an enormous distance. "Despite my size I'm just an ordinary man like yourselves. I've collected your animals for you, and I want to make sure that I've got them all. How many wild animals did you have in those cages?"

There was silence, and the Shrieking Terror repeated his question.

A scared voice answered from the farthest caravan.

"Footsteps," it piped.

The Shrieking Terror nodded his head in relief.

"That's all right then," he said. "I've stupified every one of them. And to show you that I mean you no harm I'll see if I can get the van and the engine back to the roadway again."

He was as good as his word. He managed to drag all the vans, with the exception of the one which had been snatched, right up to the roadway.

His next job was to get the heavy traction engine back. With a mighty heave he forced it away from the tree. He hauled over it and seemed to be deliberately touching the controls with his huge fingers. Evidently it was almost undamaged, for it began to move forward under his own power. It was easy for the Shrieking Terror to pilot it up the winding track, and by exerting all his huge strength he helped it over some of the steeper bits. He almost lifted the huge engine over the low embankment on to the road. Here he stopped it working.

From underneath the hedge grew two fantastically pale pairs of eyes which stared him. They belonged to the driver and fireman of the engine.

The job finished, the Shrieking Terror returned to the tree where he had left Cooper and Harvey. Of course, he failed to find them.

For a few minutes he stood gazing about him. Once he shook his head. He remained as rigid.

Finally he shrugged his shoulders.

"They're hiding somewhere," he told himself. "I might spend the day searching for them with no success. I don't know that I have them, so trying to get away. They've probably afraid that I intended to hang on to them for ever. Well, they did me a good service when they brought me to England, so if they want to get away from me now I won't make any complaint."

Then, without another look behind, he went riding onwards.

Once again he was heading for London.

★ THE GIANT CLIMBS BIG BEN

kept in show themselves. They came sailing out of their van.

"It must have been time when we read in the papers last night," cried a voice. "It's been to what they call the Shrieking Terror. If I hadn't seen him with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed it. I'm not sure that I believe it now. It's a nice man though like a nightmare to me."

A crashing in the undergrowth on the right hand side of the road made these folk apprehensively glance. They saw the two animals slunge into view.

Jack Harvey walked across to a well-dressed man who seemed to be of some importance among the circus folk.

"How far are we away from the nearest town?" demanded Jack. "We've got to get there as soon as possible so that we can get a warning back to London."

The man stared at them.

"The Benjamin Shrieker," he said, "the owner of this circus. Do you two men know who he is?"

As soon as the circus folk realized that Jack and Frank were the two drivers who had brought the Shrieking Terror to England they decided to speak to them. The men were compelled to tell the full story of their adventure.

A bare-faced man who spoke with a soft American drawl stepped up to Benjamin Shrieker.

"Boss," he grunted, "we've lost maga-
zine-ahng."

"What do you mean, Ben?" demanded his employer.

Ben Blant, the circus publicity agent, almost wrung his hands.

"Gee, Boss," he cried, "it's the greatest opportunity that ever happened to any one. We ought to have seen out of our van and had a pass with that giant when he tried to steal the animals. We might have come to an arrangement with him and made our fortune."

"Hang on, sirrah—" began Benjamin Shrieker.

"Why," yelled Ben Blant, "don't you realize that he's the biggest freak in history? If I'd only come with us, Sam." He said, "I'd be a wonderful attraction. But—but do you think he would?"

Ben Blant turned in the two drivers.

"Look here," he cried, "Mr. Shrieker has a car farther down the road. What about getting in it with us and heading for London pronto? If we can catch up with the Shrieking Terror we'll get it up to him about placing the circus. What about it?"

"All right," said Jack Harvey, "we'll go with you provided you stop at the first post office we come to."

Ben Blant fairly raced for the car. As soon as his passengers were aboard, he set off at top speed in the direction of London. But Jack was against the two drivers. They had nearly travelled five miles when they found the road completely blocked. A huge hairy old warred broadsides across the roadway and had joined itself between the hawks on either side. Seated in the driver's seat was a shaggy man. He was bolling about a giant who had suddenly crept the road in front of him.

They realized what had happened. The driver of the heavy motor lorry was the Shrieking Terror and the shag had made him lose control of his vehicle.

Sang Blant, "The car round."

"We'll have to go another way round," he cried. "I'm going to London quickwise."

(Continued on next page.)

MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE!

Start in Your Own Home a Business of Your Own !!



A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR YOUNG MEN!

What are you present prospects? Don't get into a blind alley. Now is the time to make up your mind to be a success.

If you are faced with the sentence to succeed you DESERVE the chance we are going to give you—the chance to MAKE YOUR OWN DREAMS COME TRUE.

This is the proposition. It is in the making of Radio Appliances . . . the demand for which is so enormous that it runs into MILLIONS. We will assure you to make them under our own PATENT. Then you can start in your own home to run a business of your own—business with MILLIONS of customers.

Think what you can do with the sales figure you can earn in this way. Think of these additional pleasure you are longing for which could come within your grasp?

ONE MAN MADE £960 IN HIS SPARE TIME.

The work is extraordinarily interesting though quite simple. You work when you like and as long as you like—you are YOUR OWN MASTER. Many possessors have proved so successful that they have STARTED A FULL-TIME BUSINESS in making these appliances. One man earned £960 in his spare time. Let us send you FREE,

TIUITION FREE. Knowledge. We will teach you how to do it free. To start with, no expensive glasses or machinery are required. You can earn extra money with this work in a few hours a week, which you can receive or buy or selling cost.

PROFITS GUARANTEED.

The possibilities are so vast that we GUARANTEE you a WEEKLY PROFIT. If necessary we will purchase supplies of your stock with each order. It is up to you to make early and steadily increased profits. If successful we will help you continue your training as long as required. Now there are 1000 groups to the Golden Cross Club for 1000 Gold Cross Groups to be had. We will send you how to make your dreams come true.

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Tell Mr. W. England-Bethesda,
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Please send an order and FREE, full details as to how I can start in this business. I would like to receive a copy of your book.

Please send me such additional details as you can give me on a place where to paper and give this coupon to it.

The Human King Kong Is Captured

Carrying THE STRIDING TERROR

Meanwhile the Striding Terror had gone striding on. Within half an hour of leaving the green way he crossed the river, Regent's Park, and here he left again behind him.

He was seen by the drivers of all kinds of vehicles. Most of these received such a shock that for the moment they completely lost control of their vehicles. The result was that there were scores and scores and even a few dozen of vehicles of every description were seen lying in the narrow streets at the roadside.

Unconscious of the chaos he was creating the Striding Terror strode onwards, going out of his way to avoid several small towns which he was passing among the low-lying hills.

Soon, of course, telegraph wires were being cut. The news that the Striding Terror was alive and roaming in London was being flashed to the cities.

The news reached Fleet Street and immediately printing presses were thundering out the story. Back as the newsmen carried the sheets out into the street, however, so did London see the Striding Terror for the first time.

The Striding Terror arrived just as the B.B.C. was broadcasting the news of its coming. At the hour of the morning people were flocking to their work all over London.

It was somebody on the Kilkenny Road who first saw the great figure striding south of the Thames. His single cry seemed to pick up all and scattered.

Never in all history had London known such a panic. Real, irresistible terror seemed to grip everybody. The march of the colossus was fully staggered by the thought of the huge figure was fifty feet in height.

The Striding Terror, as he had advanced towards London, had known that his arrival would cause a sensation. He was unprepared for what actually did happen.

Following the line of the Brighton road, he passed through Croydon, but he found only empty streets. Now he was forced to pick his way with tremendous care, for the streets seemed to be filled with stationary vehicles. They were pulled up at all kinds

of absurd angles and nobody sat behind their steering wheels.

He passed scores of stationary taxicabs, lorries, lorries, private cars and, in one or two instances, stationary horse-drawn carts.

It seemed that the driver of the vehicles had no sooner spotted the coming Striding Terror than they had rushed upon him. And so out went the Terror. From behind the half-opened doors and from windowless white-painted stations people watched him go by. In coming hours one will swear to another the Striding Terror actually strides over a row of low-built houses.

And so he strides in the Thames south of Westminster Bridge.

It was here that the first adventure happened. The Terror was advancing towards the bridge when a skateboard in front of him was suddenly lifted. A seven-year-old child got up, with his back towards the Terror. He had evidently been working underground and thus had no knowledge of London's latest visitor.

His first realization of danger came when he was suddenly picked up by a huge hand and thrown. He was turned round and the terrible man roared himself going into the narrow face of the Striding Terror. The night proved too much for him. A short step escaped him and then his head rolled backwards. He had failed.

The Striding Terror shook his head in amazement and placed his carefully drawn car to the pavement.

But people who had seen the enormous were taken aback. It seemed to them that the Striding Terror had deliberately crushed the unfortunate man to death.

Then from a narrow alleyway a man came running. It almost looked as though he were racing out into the street to discover why everything had suddenly become so silent.

He saw the Striding Terror towering above him and seemed to be rooted to the spot. Before he could get away the Terror stopped and picked him up. Once again the Terror's voice proved too much and the man fainted. He was also laid down on the pavement.

For a long time the Terror stood by the bridge, gazing towards the Houses of Parliament. He realized that his coming had terminated the whole of the city, and it

worried him. He wanted to announce everybody that he was a peaceful visitor to the country. That he was a highly cultured individual, and that he meant nobody any harm.

How could he make the people of London understand?

Suddenly he looked at Big Ben. He saw that its enormous hands were almost pointing to the hour of nine.

He took from his pocket one of his enormous handkerchiefs and a small stick of something which appeared to be charmed.

Then he nodded his head as though he had solved his problem. He had the handkerchief down on the roadway and appeared to write something on it.

He got up again and, instead of attempting to cross the bridge, he waded into the Thames, carrying the handkerchief in one hand. A few strides and he had walked across the river and had stepped on to the terrace in front of the Houses of Parliament.

Amidst eyes still watching the Terror. They saw him step over the railings which surrounded the Houses of Parliament.

What were his intentions? Did he mean to start attacking London by pulling down the Houses of Parliament?

Then the Striding Terror did a truly amazing thing. He commenced to climb the tower of Big Ben!

People watched and marvelled.

Up and up he went until the enormous figure was silhouetted against the most famous tower in the world.

They saw him open out the great white cloak. Then he was listening. It was the clock face.

Curiosity compelled many people to come out of cover for a better view. As the clock cracked the face of Big Ben, this is what they heard...

"I am an Englishman. Apart from my name, I am quite normal. I don't want to harm anyone. I place this notice here so that everyone will see and understand."

JOHN BEXTER

Having left his notice in the most prominent place he could find in the, the Striding Terror made his descent to the town. On the right-hand side of him was a mass of scaffolding poles, and he lowered his huge fist on to a platform of tipped planks.

For a moment his whole weight was played upon the planks. Once the sound of cracking wood, and the wooden structure collapsed.

Falling round, taking the Striding Terror abashed at the stone coping. His falling weight was so tremendous, however, that the stone came away in his grasp. He fell side ways, and crashed to earth with a terrible thud. His head struck the paving stones.

The Striding Terror rolled over once and then remained still.

At that moment a motor-car came speeding over Westminster Bridge. It contained Ben Holt, of Sawyer's Circus, and Jack Harvey and Frank Cooper. Seeing the press figure of the Striding Terror, Ben Holt clapped on his hands. He leapt out of the car and raced towards the Terror.

"He's stunned," he cried. "This is our chance to see that he does no further damage. Bring ropes, somebody. Bring ropes."

Ben Holt took charge.

"He's harmless," he cried, "but we can't have him walking about the city. We've got to train him up so that he can't do any harm, and then we can talk to him. Bring ropes."

An hour later the Striding Terror was still unconscious. Not now to be named to be one mass of ropes. Every piece of rope that could be found had been wound round him. There, in the roadway, he lay.

Would he recover from the effects of his fall?

If so, what would London do with its strange captive?

Captured for the Circus. Next week the Striding Terror becomes a public exhibition. But you must buy a copy of next week's *Scoops*, and the circus will have come to town. And the Striding Terror King Kong. Read how he holds up a Striding man in next week's exciting *Scoops*.

In SCOOPS NEXT WEEK

Mr. 3 of SCOOPS—our sole sent Thursday—will be another all-star entry, a story which is more matter than any other weekly paper—and picture with details of the wonder world of to-day and to-morrow. Here is next week's big list:

★ Monster of the Marsh

In another species from the same daring adventures you have a palpitating setting in search of a lost city. In the heart of the swamp terrible dangers, wonder monsters, and breath-taking thrills await the explorer.

★ Master of the Moon

Startling adventures in our great Inter-Planetary series. Captain Nick Chance explores the Moon, upon ship of the Master of the Moon, and aspects deadly dangers in the unknown depths of the vast world.

★ Space

The second episode in Professor A. M. Lewis's great new serial of adventure in Space. Here three young heroes go hurtling on into the mysterious unknown. They find Earth and encounter wonders that will stagger you.

★ Voice from the Void

More thrills and stirring mysteries in this wild story of Secret Service and Wonder adventure.

On Sale Next Thursday
2d. . . EVERYWHERE

★ WAR BIRDS

Death lurking in the skies! War over Europe! Terrible, tremendous aerial warfare of the future, with without pilots. Big thrills in the powerful part...

No-man's PLANE

It's a SCOOPS story

Modern

Ideas that are making a new World

"DEATH RAYS" FOR SWIMMING BATHES

A NEW process for purifying the water in swimming baths—a veritable "Death Ray" for germs—is being used at the private swimming pool of St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, which was recently opened by His Majesty the King, in London.

The process consists merely of passing ultra violet rays through the water, instantly killing all germs.

The bath at St. Mary's Hospital holds 56,000 gallons of water, which, being constantly filtered and sterilized by the rays, has to be changed for four months.

The system keeps the water as pure as drinking water, and it is expected that the "Death Ray" will soon be installed in baths all over the country.

During 1930 as many as 97,500 passengers passed through Croydon, either at the door or start of their air journeys. The largest number ever recorded Britain grows more accustomed every year.



INVISIBLE EYE FOR SHIPS IN FOG

Now it's not fog. Come to sea. Tapacino.

The latest method of combating fog at sea is to use an "invisible eye" camera.

The camera, specially designed for the purpose, takes photographs by means of the fog-preventing rays of infrared light, and will seize objects four and a half times as far as the eye can see even in clear weather.

The photographs will be developed by a special quick process, and the same taken in as little as thirty seconds after exposure.

By means of this "infrared eye," the marine captain, feeling his way through the fog, will be able to "see" at intervals of thirty seconds what lies ahead and alongside his vessel for a distance over four times as far as he could in ordinary daylight.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY was recently given a milk bank. Gallon after gallon of sterilized milk was supplied to the nursery, and it is hoped that this will not only clean the old abbey in its preservation. Five years must pass before the effect will be known.

THE "SKYBIRD" WONDER CAMERA

A GIANT camera crane which can manage any surroundings, and is entirely silent, as its working has been modified in a unique style in London.

The only one of its kind in the world, it is called the "Skybird" and has been invented and designed by Mr. Stanley Doubell, a studio engineer.

Weighing two and a half tons, the crane can swing 360 degrees, turn about the "ax" and carry six men on its arm. A chief and two assistants are at any direction, and the cameras can operate it for most delicate movements in took their shots.

The chief value of the new invention will be found in the fact that all its movements are silent—a most important consideration in a modern talkie studio.



SATELLITE LAMPS FOR TRAFFIC SIGNALS

THESE things are as good as they cannot be improved.

One of the chief faults in the exploded light system for directing traffic is the reaction and shock that is caused by the lights suddenly changing, and the action must be fast enough to prevent this.

Now an Edinburgh engineer has patented a device which he feels will cure the fault.

The device consists of a circle of twelve and one-half lamps, each of the same red and green lamps. Under the new system the twelve light may not now be necessary.

Instead of the "all" signal being flashed on, the main green lamp and its twelve green satellite lamps will all flash on together. After one second has passed one of the small green lamps will go out; then, one by one, in the seconds that pass, the other small green lamps will fade out until finally the main green lamp itself goes out and the other sixteen lamps on.

Then the red units and twelve small red lamps will flash on, and the same process will be carried out.

By means of this new system the traffic will know just how many seconds it has to "get through," as far as long a man waits for the "all clear."

Now, all you budding inventors, get to work and see if you can't think of a better system than that.

A small wind-driven motor has been erected in New Jersey, America, to harness the wind for generating electrical power.

GIANTS OF THE MODERN WORLD



THE FORTH BRIDGE & BUILDING

THE bridge which spans the harbour at Sydney, Australia, is the greatest angle iron bridge in the world and a triumph of British engineering.

The span is 1,388 feet and the total length of the bridge 2,370 feet. It is 455 feet high, 75 feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, and contains over 30,000 tons of steel.

Built by Messrs. Boston Long, of Middleborough, in eight years at a cost of \$3,000,000, it was officially opened in 1932. Two hundred and thirty traffic lanes, six thousand vehicles and forty thousand pedestrians can cross the bridge in one hour without any traffic jam.

THE VAPOR VACUUM ENGINE was built by Messrs. of Alexandria 200 years a.c.

Marvels

Discoveries that are Foretelling the Future

SHOPS WITH INVISIBLE WINDOWS

LONDONERS are expressing amazement at just now of a number of shops in the West End that appear to have no glass in their windows.

Alas, for the glass-and-grate merchants, this is not the case, for the glass is actually there!

The explanation is that the new glass windows are opaque, turning round, and thus arrangement, mostly eliminates reflection and reflects the glass invisible when you stand close to it.

The goods in the window are shown to greater advantage by this simple yet repeated reflection.

THE BRIDGEON YARD motocross, which is the length of a brass bar at Westgate-on-Sea, Lancashire, is 3,000 inches long, that is, 250 yards eight yards long.

60 M.P.H. IN STREAMLINED BICYCLE

WE have learned pleasure to obtain light anemones and locomotives, to streamlined super cars and motorcycles, now we welcome the fast streamlined pedal bicycle.

It has been designed by Maxi Berlier, the French cycle champion, and has been assisted to the theoretical side by the chief engineer of a French aeroplane firm.

He has named his machine the "Velodrome," and the streamlined shell enclosing the cycle is shaped something like a "tadpole," presenting a frontal width of no more than four feet. The cycle is completely hidden when astride the machine, and enters through a door set in the side. Walls



travelling has had a blow to the aperture at the top, and forward motion is obtained through a small rectangular hole set at eye level in front of the shell.

The cycle has already broken the supposed cycle record and the designer claims that the cyclist will easily attain speeds of 60 m.p.h. in short spans. If his claims are justified this will be the latest new propelled vehicle at the world.

RADIO SINGER IN CHOCOLATE WRAPPING

EVERY day more and more brings us closer to perfect broadcasting. The latest improvement is the "Telephonograph" Bell.

One of the many designs that has for several years baffled radio engineers is the telephonograph in the microphone. Called by the top men of a session, you've probably heard them yourself!

It has now been discovered that if the singer stands inside a telephone "bell" reaching down to her waist, the top notes vibration is entirely eliminated. Telephone, of course, the telephone artificial used for wrapping boxes of chocolate and packets of cigarettes.

The telephone is placed outside the bell, and the improved quality of the voice is immediately apparent to listeners.

Strange, how small things can make big differences!

